

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Colored Catholicism

By MARK MOESLEIN, C. P.

Kevin O'Higgins

By DENIS GWYNN

Number 6287

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The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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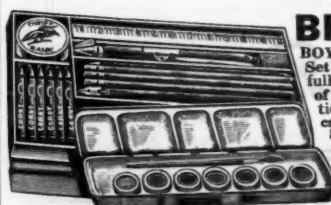
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Mission Sunday

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

On Sunday, October 23rd, the Church in the United States will observe what has come to be known as "Mission Sunday." In the hope of interesting you in what this Sunday stands for, I am writing these lines.

In setting aside this day the hierarchy of our country wishes to direct the thought of all American Catholics not only to the material but also to the spiritual needs of our Missionaries, Priests, Sisters and Brothers in pagan lands.

Every Catholic is urged to participate in the great work of extending the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. In so far as we are concerned about His interests, in so far as we are worthy of the marvelous gift of the true Faith which He has given us. The unfortunate fact, however, is that many Catholics take the gift of Faith for granted, as though it were something that they have deserved, whereas they are Catholics by the sheer goodness of God.


An appreciation of our Faith will prompt us to share it with others. To use it for the salvation of our own souls without a thought of the fact that the Faith makes us a debtor to others in the worst kind of selfishness. If the Faith has any meaning for us in America it must have a commensurate meaning for pagans. If it is worth practising and living up to in America it must surely be worth the effort to spread it abroad.

It might be a good idea on Mission Sunday to ask ourselves such questions as these: What does the Catholic religion mean to me? Is it really worth supporting? Have I ever made any effort or sacrifice to spread it? Am I a slacker in furthering Christ's interests? Is the work of the Missions to be retarded because I am one of the many Catholics who thoughtlessly fail to contribute just a little of what God has given to the extension of His Earthly Kingdom.

Mission Sunday is not a money-appeal Sunday. It is not a day on which you will be asked to give an extra nickel in the collection basket; but it is a day on which you will be asked to measure the value of the Faith in your own lives and to arouse in yourselves such an appreciation of your Catholic religion as will prompt you to make some sacrifice that the benefits of that religion may be extended to others.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Seven

October, 1927

Number Three

Current Fact and Comment

"Frauds and Hypocrites"

"MOST extremists are frauds and hypocrites." So spoke Justice Floyd E. Thompson of the Illinois Supreme Court when delivering his Constitution Day address on our National Government. Reformers, as we have them today, are generally extremists. Their fraudulence is easy enough to understand, because there is ample proof that it pays to be a reformer. When there are a number of people willing to part with their money for the sake of seeing a frayed and faded remnant of a discarded religion exalted as the robe of righteous which the nation must don before it can lead the world to the millenium, it is not surprising that an advocate will be found who will light the torch of his zeal at the fire of gold and gullibility.

A man may be a fraud and still deplore his inability to be a hypocrite. A reformer has no need to mourn. He is both, if our inference be correct. A fraud is content to attain his end—generally a financial one—at the expense of others. A hypocrite is an improved fraud. He brings to the art of misrepresenting the higher genius of concealing. He decks the solitary virtue he has chosen as the sum of all morality in such splendid apparel as to fill men with an awe that will prevent them from asking questions. A well dressed fetish is indispensable to the tailor-made moralist.

A good diagnosis, if it does not lead to a cure, can at least help in preventing contagion. While

we await a remedy for the disease which is reformer, we can be grateful to the learned jurist for warning us against imprudent contact.

The Presidency Again

WE ARE not concerned with the political aspirations and ambitions of any politician, whatever be his religious affiliations; and we are quite tired of discussing Catholics and the Presidency. However, we can hardly refrain from quoting some common-sense remarks contributed to *Plain Talk* by the Rev. Lynn Harold Hough, pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit.

Answering the question—Why Not a Catholic President?—he says:

When a Protestant refuses to vote for a Catholic whose character and abilities he admits and with whose policies he agrees, and makes that refusal simply because the candidate is a Catholic, that Protestant is not worthy of the name or of the privilege of American citizenship. Men of good-will in the Protestant group ought to be eager that Catholics should have a share in public office in proportion to their percentage of the population, and should be watching for Catholic candidates whom they can conscientiously support. And it is not too much to say that in the presence of the great body of earnest and loyal and capable citizens of the Roman Catholic communion to be found in the United States, we confront a situation which makes moral demands upon all of us. We should not rest quite contented until the time has come when we can place a high minded Catholic, a man of unquestioned character

and ability, in the chair of the President of the United States. There will always be plenty of Protestant Presidents. There ought to be an occasional Catholic President. . . .

The fear that a Catholic President would suddenly turn the United States into a Catholic nation need not be taken seriously. In a democracy with every citizen in possession of the ballot such a suggestion is singularly far-fetched and absurd. The probability is that a Catholic President would treat the Protestant elements in his constituency with even more consideration than has sometimes characterized the action of Protestant Presidents. . . . The suggestion of danger to our institutions and risk to our intellectual and political and religious freedom from the presence of a Catholic President seems to me to be the wildest sort of vagary.

Every American citizen who believes in the Constitution will require in a candidate for public office only what the Constitution requires. Such a candidate should be confronted only by the same tests as are faced by any rival candidate. The Fathers of the Republic did not put any religious test in the Constitution. The convinced American citizen will not want any such test there. And the voter who tries to put it there proves himself false to the fair spirit and tradition of country and unworthy of the ballot.

Infantile Paralysis

FROM the United States Public Health Service we learn with keen apprehension that the dread disease of infantile paralysis is spreading throughout the country. More than 450 new cases were reported in various sections of the nation in the week of September 3rd. While this intelligence is very serious, there is no need for hysterical excitement. It should caution local health authorities and physicians to take every measure and exercise all vigilance that the disease should not spread. Infantile paralysis is so often fatal and, when not fatal, so certain to leave its young victims helpless cripples for life that the nature of the disease should be more than sufficient to compel parents to safeguard their children from it with the utmost care and watchfulness.

Women's Dress

IN SPITE of the strong appeals of Pope Pius XI. to Catholic women to exert their influence in counteracting the prevailing violations of the standards of Christian modesty, Catholic women themselves seem to be utterly indifferent

not only to those appeals but also the scandal they are giving by the clothing they wear. Bishop Althoff of Belleville, Ill., has taken effective means to strengthen the Pope's appeals. In a pastoral letter he enjoins:

I find it necessary, therefore, to direct the reverend pastors to instruct their people not to be slaves of human respect in this matter of dress, and to come to the church properly clad. A ballroom gown is certainly out of place in a church, especially at the Communion rail.

For the future, all women and girls who come to the Communion rail in sleeveless, low-necked or otherwise improper dress, shall be refused Holy Communion. This same rule holds in regard to marriage and the other sacraments.

The Bishop adds that his ruling "is not intended to discourage the reception of Holy Communion, but is made with a view to safeguarding the reverence and love due to the Eucharistic Presence of Our Blessed Lord dwelling in the tabernacles of our churches and to remove as much as possible the scandal arising from present-day fashion."

* * * * *

In this connection we are glad to note that the National Council of Catholic Women has unanimously passed a resolution condemning all shows which parade young girls who are easily lured by publicity and motion-picture contracts into costuming themselves in a manner which vulgarly displays their bodily as well as facial beauty. Such beauty contests are a detriment to the morality of the girls themselves and to public decency. God help the parents so bereft of a sense of responsibility towards the souls of their daughters that for filthy lucre or cheap notoriety they will exploit them.

Foreign Mission Brothers

FOR MANY of our readers it will be news to learn that there are approximately 5,000 lay Brothers engaged in the active work of the Catholic foreign missions. The majority of these are engaged as teachers in schools and colleges. The others are occupied as nurses, architects, printers and mechanics. When one considers the immense help that even one Brother can give to a missionary priest in the up-building of a mission among pagans, one can readily see the pressing need there is of multiplying vocations for the various foreign-mission brotherhoods. In practically every parish in the United States there are men and young men of

a deeper religious sense than that of the average lay man who would gladly give their lives to the spread of the Faith on the foreign missions, did they receive but the least encouragement. The works of the Brothers are so various that no special talent is required to fit one for accomplishing great good.

Father Joseph W. Connors, A. F. M., wisely remarks: "American Brothers are needed on the mission field and it cannot be presumed that Almighty God has failed to plant the seeds of vocation in the souls of a sufficient number of workers. It remains for the priests of the country to water those seeds."

Religion in Business

UNDER the above caption Jessie Rainsford Sprague contributes an enlightening article to *Harpers Magazine*. To those unfamiliar with modern business procedure it will appear strange that in nearly fifteen thousand annual conventions in the United States there is a commingling of business and emotional religious activities. But the mixture is hardly good for religion, however good it may be for business. Thus:

We may assume, for example, that the National Association of Aluminum Ash Tray Manufacturers plans its 1927 convention, and the committee in charge reasons somewhat this way, "We must do something to convince the public that it should buy our aluminum ash trays instead of brass, china, or silver ash trays. We'll engage some nationally known speaker who is connected with one of the big uplift organizations to make an address. We'll feature also a couple of popular preachers. These things will make a good impression when our convention proceedings are reported in the newspapers. Church people everywhere will get the idea that the Aluminum Ash Tray industry stands for morality, and they'll be that much more inclined to buy aluminum trays instead of brass, china, or silver trays. Of course, we'll have to have a little amusement for the delegates besides, something like a cabaret show or a beauty contest."

This is in line with the depraved taste of a Mid-West church which advertised the installation of a new pastor in these words: "If you don't believe he is a real knockout, come and see, Big Stuff and Hot Stuff." "This sort of advertising," says the *Christian Advocate*, "and the type of church services that go with it may make a superficial appeal for a while but the final balance will show a big loss rather than a gain to the Kingdom of God."

It is evident to Mr. Sprague that the cause of true religion has not been helped by its twenty-

year alliance with business. But business has gained through this alliance.

Yes, emotional religion has helped to sell merchandise. Each year many well-meaning pastors are persuaded to preach Mother's Day sermons, and the florists, the greeting-card manufacturers, and the Western Union Telegraph Company make a great deal of money. It is likely that the devotional exercises of the National Association of Aluminum Ash Tray Manufacturers convince many pious people that they should purchase aluminum ash trays in preference to any other. Each service club or chamber of commerce in Dallas, in Kalamazoo, in Santa Barbara that takes in a pastor member adds a bit to the prestige of the shopkeeper members of the organization and smooths the ways for added volume of sales. Even individual firms acting independently may profit by the employment of emotional religion if cunningly planned.

The Catholic clergy are frequently criticised by non-Catholics and sometimes even by Catholics for not being enthusiastic enough and preaching about such national ceremonies as Mother's Day or Corn on the Cob Week. These critics forget that the priest's duties are concerned with far more matters than bigger business and quicker sales.

Labor and Industry

HERE are some notable developments and attempted purposes in the field of labor and industry:

A new child labor law has gone into effect in Louisiana which reduces the working hours of children under sixteen, from ten to eight hours a day and the weekly hours from sixty to forty-eight. We hope that Louisiana will make further cuts in the working hours of her children, for as William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor remarks: "We cannot have child health and child labor at the same time."

The director of the United States Bureau of Mines states that by redusting of coal mines hundreds of lives have been saved. It is appalling that more than two thousand of the three-quarters of a million men working in the coal mines lose their lives every year.

The Waiters and Waitresses Union, Local No. 1 of New York, are to be commended for their efforts to obtain justice and preserve their self-respect by asking for a living wage and no tips.

It is regrettable that the eight-hour bill for women workers, introduced in the Legislature of Illinois, failed of passage.

The New York Court of Appeals has upheld

the right of picketing either in time of strike or without a strike.

Many will question the truth of the statement made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics that the inability to secure domestic servants is due to restrictive immigration; but for the third month in succession the Bureau shows decreased employment and reduced payrolls throughout the country.

America, as the creditor nation of the world, owes it to her citizens to see to it that they are provided with sufficient work that will insure the justice of a living wage and the sense of decency that is not dependent upon gratuities.

For the Missions

IN VIEW of the approach of Mission Sunday, October 23rd, the message of Pope Pius XI. as delivered to the bishops assembled in Washington takes on an added timeliness. The message was read by the Most Rev. Francis Marchetti-Selvaggiani. Archbishop Marchetti is in this country to attend in Chicago, October 11, 12, 13, the annual general conference of the diocesan directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. He will attend the conference as a guest, but also as President of the International Supreme Council of the Society. It was the dignity of his position and the appropriate time of his coming to this country which led the Holy Father to make him the bearer of a message for the American hierarchy.

That message succinctly embodies the mission doctrine which should be heard in our churches on Mission Sunday. His Holiness says in part, "By the will of its Founder the Church is bound to communicate without stint to all men the salvation effected by Jesus Christ and the blessings flowing therefrom." Religion is all or it is nothing. The Catholic Church stands for the acceptance of Christ's teachings in their entirety, not in those details only which seem pleasing or seasonable merely. In consequence, therefore, the extension of the Kingdom of Christ is a duty of the Church and all its members.

Pope Pius XI. was specific in the statement that "the uniting of mankind under the standard of the Cross requires the living conviction in every member of the Church—that each one has an important duty to fulfill by coöperating—to bring a knowledge of our Holy Faith to all peoples." If on Mission Sunday, Catholics will

consider their individual relationship to the mission cause there will be a personal coöperation of surprising proportions in this country. Conscientiousness of that relationship is, today, lacking among many of us.

In commending the American hierarchy the Holy Father congratulated them on the progress made through the "establishment of our Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith." This organization has a service record of 105 years in the cause of missionary enterprise. It stands at the shoulder of the missionary; it is the agency by which those at home may aid; it is the liaison corps of the missionary army.

Cincinnati's School Program

AFTER mature deliberation and consultation with educators, pastors and informed members of the laity, Archbishop McNicholas has determined upon a reorganization of the Catholic high school system which will place the archdiocese of Cincinnati high in the ranks of those dioceses which are furnishing opportunities for secondary education under Catholic auspices. In urging his flock to contribute generously to the carrying out of his program, the Archbishop lucidly expresses the obligation of all Catholics in the United States to support Catholic education.

"It is wrong in principle" says His Grace, "to say that parents only should be responsible for the education of their children. Let us assume that citizens applied this principle to our cities and states, declaring that parents only should be taxed for the education of their children. We recognize at once how utterly false is this principle, and how impossible it would be under this assumption to conduct successfully our public schools and colleges and universities. As education confers a benefit upon the general public, all should be taxed for it. So, also, since Catholic education confers a general benefit upon the Catholic public, all Catholics having an income should be taxed for it."

Whatever may be thought of the injustice done America Catholics by which they are taxed for both parochial and public education, the fact remains that at no matter which cost the religion education and training of our children must be safeguarded.

Our young men and women who are wage earners should not forget that they also have a strict obligation in conscience to contribute to the furtherance of Catholic education which is so essential to the well-being of the Church in this country.

Colored Catholicism

Some Notes Provoked by the Recent Convention

THE FEDERATED Colored Catholics of the United States" held their third annual convention in New York City. St. Charles Borromeo Church was chosen for the religious phase of the convention. The Right Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D., pontificated at the Mass, 11:30 A.M. of Sunday, September 4, and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas M. O'Keefe preached. The business of the convention was conducted in St. Mark's Hall, 57 West 138th Street. The afternoon of Sunday was given to welcome and organization proceedings. Monday, September 5, was taken up with the work of the convention. The following day was devoted to sightseeing. Delegates were present from parishes as far west as St. Louis and Chicago. Cincinnati, O., was chosen for the convention of 1928.

As stated on page 4 of the program: "The object of this Federation shall be to bring about a closer union and better feeling among Catholic Negroes; to advance the cause of Catholic education throughout the Negro population; to seek to raise the general status of the Negro in the Church; and to stimulate Catholic Negroes to a larger participation in racial and civic affairs of the various communities and of the whole country."

The proceedings of the convention were under the able and genial chairmanship of Dr. Thomas W. Turner of the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. The reports of delegates were generally of a favorable character; but the addresses from

By MARK MOESLEIN, C. P.

the rostrum breathed much dissatisfaction with the drawing of the color line in Catholic schools and churches. Though intense feeling was clearly in evidence, the amenities of assembly were scrupulously observed, barring one unpleasant interruption. Quite a good record for a convention! One could not resist a feeling of pronounced satisfaction in the evident earnestness and ability of these Catholics of the colored race.

Editor's Note

THE writer of this article spent ten years in the up-building of a congregation of Negro converts in Corpus Christi, Texas. He started with only one parishioner, a Catholic from infancy, and received 108 into the Church. The parish plant, Holy Cross, consists of church, school, rectory and convent, and nine city lots. On resigning the pastorate in favor of the Rev. Father Joseph A. John, L.A.M., a Negro priest, Father Mark left the parish free from debt with a healthy balance in the treasury. During his incumbency \$64,000 were collected, nearly all of it gifts from persons of the white race from all over the country. Father Mark is the author of two splendid books: *THE MECHANISM OF DISCOURSES*, a manual of sacred eloquence, and *THE CHILDREN OF GOD*, a presentation of Catholic Doctrine for busy people.

IT is very much to be regretted that Catholic laymen and women of the white race were not in attendance. The object of the Federation as expressed above would seem to imply that such is partly the aim of the organization — "to stimulate Catholic Negroes to a larger participation in racial and civic affairs of the various communities and of the whole country." It is not meant that Catholic lay guests, and, for that matter, priests of the white race, should in any way have dominated the convention. It is even doubtfully advisable to invite these

guests, lay or clerical, to address the assembly at all. The passive presence of such guests would enable them to get an insight into the grievances which affect Negroes so keenly. The knowledge of Catholics of the white race about these grievances is purely academic. The intensely human sensibilities against which the color line sins so outrageously, they do not realize, and cannot realize until they have come into actual touch with the grievousness of the hurt.

An item even more regrettable was the small

attendance of colored persons of the Faith from the large Negro Catholic population of Harlem. At the Monday meetings hardly a score of non-delegates was present, if reliance may be placed in newspaper report. The colored Catholic citizenry of New York City is reported to run into the thousands; yet, on Monday—a legal holiday—barely a score of non-delegates was in attendance! This should not have happened.

The grievances so feeling condemned are real. They were not too strongly condemned, because they are not only un-Catholic and un-American, but inhuman too. Catholics are not responsible for the conditions which occasion these grievances, though they are not entirely guiltless. These grievances are largely an outcome of slavery. Catholics, too, were slave-holders. This fact, even though their number was comparatively small, slurred the Catholic body in the United States then, as drawing the color-line in churches, schools, and institutions of higher learning, slurs it today. What aggravates the grievances is that, many, if not all, similar institutions conducted by non-Catholic Americans are open to Negroes. The grievances may be thus paragraphed.

1. *Segregation in Catholic churches and schools.*
2. *Segregated spaces for Negroes in churches, frequented chiefly by people of the white race.*
3. *Closing Catholic high schools, academies, colleges and universities against colored youths of both sexes; thus compelling Catholic Negro parents to send their children to non-Catholic institutions of learning.*
4. *Closing nearly all seminaries for the education of priests to colored young men.*
5. *The admission of so very few colored men to the Catholic priesthood.*
6. *Restricting the ministrations of colored priests to Negro congregations.* (If this last grievance was stressed at the convention, the writer did not hear it; but it was so reported to him. It is mentioned to give the Federation provocation for contradicting it, should the report be an error.)

IT MUST be conceded that these grievances are not trifles. A goodly number of unpleasant adjectives may be used to condemn unsparingly the conditions which provoke the grievances. Whatever the Negro may be to non-Catholics, to the sincere and consistent Catholic he is every bit as much a man as the whitest of the white, whom

a certain class of propagandists describe as "Nordic." People of color are as dear to God as people of no color. Considering the Lord's care of the poor, lowly and oppressed, it is not a groundless suspicion that they are dearer to Him for this very reason, provided that they do right by Him otherwise. Christ died no less for Negroes than for Caucasians. In His sight no men are of an inferior race; but all are equal. There is only one item which makes individuals inferior in God's judgment—it is sin.

P IUS XI, wrote in his encyclical, *Rerum Ecclesiae*: "Anyone who looks upon these natives as members of an inferior race or as men of low mentality makes a grievous mistake. Experience over a long period of time has proven that the inhabitants of those remote regions of the East and of the South frequently are not inferior to us at all, and are capable of holding their own with us, even in mental ability. If one discovers an extreme lack of the ability to understand among those who live in the very heart of certain barbarous countries, this is largely due to the conditions under which they exist, for since their daily needs are so limited, they are not often called upon to make use of their intellects. You, Venerable Brothers and Beloved Sons, can bear testimony to the truth of what we write, and we ourselves can testify to these facts since We have here under Our very eyes the example of certain native students attending the colleges of Rome who not only are equal to the other students in ability and in the results they obtain in their studies, but frequently even surpass them.

"Certainly you should not allow the native clergy to be looked upon as if they were a lower grade of priests, to be employed only in the most humble offices of the ministry. These priests have been admitted to the same priesthood that the missionaries possess, they are members of the same apostolate. On the contrary, you should prefer the native priests to all others, for it is they who will one day govern the churches and Catholic communities founded by your sweat and labor. Therefore, there should exist no discrimination of any kind between priests, be they European missionaries or natives, there must be no line of demarcation marking one off from the other. Let all priests, missionaries and natives, be united with one another in the bonds of mutual respect and love."*

*"Encyclicals of Pius XI." (P. 177.) Translated by James H. Ryan. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

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What would be the style of a letter of guidance the Pope would write to the bishops of the United States in regard to the Negro members of the Church may be readily inferred. Taking into account what he wrote for the guidance of bishops whose field of labor is in the midst of social conditions far below those of colored people in the United States, it is more than likely that his instructions would be that the color-line must be abolished at the earliest possible date wherever it works a grievance for Catholics of color in their standing in the Church, and that they must be accorded every right and privilege enjoyed by their white brethren in the Faith. What is the basis of this inference? Nothing less than the remarkable fact that, given the opportunity and incentive, American Negroes have shown themselves equal to white people of the same social and intellectual level. And considering the disadvantages under which Negroes labored, they have proven themselves superior in making the best of the situation. The proceedings of the convention are tangible evidence in favor of the statement. Negro Harlem is proof to the thinking man as he wanders through its thickly populated streets.

THE QUESTION naturally arises, Why does not the Sovereign Pontiff abolish the color-line with all its grievances at once? Why does he not notify bishops that so they must do immediately and effectively? The answer is very simple and exceedingly sane. The methods of the Catholic Church are not those of the policeman's club or of military forces. Her methods are those of mental reconstruction. She strives to change mental and heart attitudes, which is the only way to cure social evils effectively and lastingly. What would be accomplished by an order from the Pope that a Negro priest be appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, and by the Cardinal's actually putting him in charge, and requiring that the colored Catholic laity be admitted to all parts of the church indiscriminately? In all probability an empty church and school would be the result, because the members are not prepared either mentally or spiritually for such drastic action. What is much worse, the members of this now very large and prosperous parish would draw the color-line more tautly under the conviction that Negroes were responsible for what they would judge to be a great wrong done them by the Pope who had proven false to them in a civilized country by departing from the standard set for the natives of uncivilized countries.

The bulk of Catholics of Caucasian race is as much native to the United States as Negroes are; if not in their number of years, then by birth and voluntary allegiance.

OUR COLORED brethren in the Faith must learn to be reasonable in all phases of their membership in the grand old Mother Church who has not only been and is guided by the Holy Spirit, but has also learned in the hard school of experience how to meet situations effectively. She is laboring now to do away with the color-line within her fold. Mere knocking does not aid any cause. Individual and group helpfulness or service goes much farther and accomplishes more in a short time. It is not on record that colored candidates for our Catholic sisterhood have offered themselves in such numbers that they could not be taken care of. The same is true of candidates for the priesthood. The writer twice tried to get colored sisters to conduct a school for colored children. Both times the same answer was received; "We have no Sisters to send to you. Our membership is placed to the very limit."

It would be more helpful to the desired end that parents nurture in the souls of their sons and daughters a longing to devote themselves entirely to God's service under Catholic conditions. A seminary has been established for the training of Negro youth for the Catholic priesthood. It is not on record that an over-supply of candidates has offered itself, or that Catholic colored people have gone deep into their pocket-books to make it possible to accommodate more candidates. Much more helpful will it be to supply the high-grade material needed by the Church to fashion it into the kind of spiritual service which she demands than to knock boisterously.

Another question arises. Are the grievances voiced by the convention, held to be such by the majority of colored Catholics for whom separate churches and schools have been provided? In what regards Catholic opportunities for more advanced instruction, the answer will be in the affirmative. The cause for the grievance cannot be removed too soon! Undoubtedly, colored Catholics have a very substantial grievance in the unsatisfactory provisions made for them in many places where there are no separate churches for their group. It is humiliating to have to acknowledge it! This, too, cannot be remedied too soon. But what about the other grievances? Is the bulk of colored Catholics in harmony with the speakers of the rostrum? An answer, giving reliable information, will be a decided advantage. Lead-

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ers should not travel faster than the group is willing to follow.

The writer missed one item in the proceedings of the Convention of Federated Colored Catholics, which he found conspicuous in conventions of other Catholic groups. The item is the honest effort to find out in what way the membership is falling short of Catholic standards for the individual, the family, the parish: and discussing remedies for the shortcomings. There either was none of this, or it was stressed so slightly that it did not impress itself on the writer's mind. The statement of the object of the Federation begets the suspicion that it is not part of the aims of the association. Why not? It is sheer folly to build up genuine Catholic life in a group without giving much thought to the individual, the family and the parish.

Colored Catholics can be thoroughly good Catholics without the Federation; but the Federation cannot accomplish anything spiritually worth while, unless it give much attention to the betterment of the individual, family and parish. Strong insistence on education is most commendable; airing grievances is manly; but the other is more important and a greater aid to education and a surer way to be rid of the grievances. The best course is to work for all of them. The same may be repeated about propaganda favorable to colored people conducted by members of the race. Let us have an abundance of commendable insistence on education and the wiping out of the color-line; but the betterment of the individual and family should not be neglected, because it is the more important, and will go farther and faster in the matter of destroying the color-line than a large amount of schooling and vitriolic propaganda.

ORGANIZING the Federation was very fortunate. It should have been done long ago. Now that it has been started, everything possible should be done to perfect it, and extend its membership until it includes every parish in the country. In addressing the delegates at the first congress of the Catholic laity, Archbishop Ireland stressed the fact that the time had come for the laity to shoulder part of the burden which the clergy had carried alone for more than one hundred years of church work in these United States. The same might be repeated to the colored members of the flock. The laity should shoulder part of the work which has been left too much to the clergy. The Federation is a move in the right direction. It is fortunate that the organization manages to pub-

lish a monthly magazine, as a means of contact with the parishes of their group throughout the country. It is more than likely that many friends of the cause among Catholics of the white race would subscribe to the publication, if they knew of its existence and its being the product of colored Catholics. (*The Council Review*, 808 C. Street, S.E. Washington, D.C., \$1.50 per annum.)

IT CANNOT be impressed too strongly both on the "Federated Colored Catholics of the United States" and on *The Council Review* that government in the Catholic Church is from the head down, and not from the feet up, if they would make their effort effective and lasting. To accomplish anything they must keep themselves rigidly in accord with the bishops of the Church in our country. They will receive all the encouragement they may desire, provided they conform to this rule of Catholic life. Persons and groups who are not willing to abide by the rule are in the wrong place, and as a distinctively Catholic agency they are doomed to failure. One of the wretched consequences of the unwholesome color-line is that the contacts of colored Catholics are necessarily non-Catholic because their number is so very small, whilst that of colored non-Catholics is so very large and influential. These contacts bring with them an element of danger. The danger is in unconsciously taking the stand that the methods followed by Protestant churches may be adopted by Catholics. Wisdom, prudence and knowledge of Catholic principles on the part of the leaders will safeguard the praiseworthy movement. May its success be phenomenal. It is well that membership in the organization of Federated Colored Catholics is open to Catholics of all races. Why not make this known far and wide? Inter-racial Catholic contacts will be helpful in removing more rapidly the grievances of the color-line, at least among Catholics.

Simon of Cyrene

By ENID DINNIS

He bears God's Cross, by Heaven thus dignified,
Who free of heart takes up Life's burden brief,
A man of sorrows honored with grief;
Made in Christ's image—in His pains allied—
Who, pressed to service, walks with sturdy stride
In willing company with the Sufferer chief;
And, lo! in strange and mystical relief
The fainting Christ walks cross-less at his side!

Kevin O'Higgins

Late Vice-President of the Irish Free State

IT HAS been the fate of a long line of patriotic young Irishmen since the days of the Act of Union to be cut short in the best promise of their youth; snatched away dramatically and suddenly in a crisis, they have left a memory which has, in all probability, been more cherished than if they had lived to a more mature age. Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, have been the romantic figures of modern Irish history. It is impossible to think of them otherwise than as young men who had already done their work, in the service of the country to which they had devoted every fibre of their strength. Thomas Davis, a generation later, is still remembered as the chief figure in the Young Ireland movement, while his abler colleague, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, is half forgotten. Anticlimax has overtaken all the older leaders of the Irish people with a depth of personal tragedy which is scarcely paralleled in other countries. In Ireland, so long as the struggle for self-government was carried on, there could be no easy retirement nor honors for old age. Daniel O'Connell, Isaac Butt, Parnell, John Redmond, each in his turn, was practically hounded out of public life. Only those who died young have left an untarnished memory.

And no generation of young men in all Irish history has been decimated to the same extent as that of Kevin O'Higgins. I was at school with him at Clongowes; and looking back now at the list of those who seemed most full of promise among his contemporaries to within ten years or so, one stands aghast at the devastating record of their mortality. It is commonly believed that Ireland did not lose as many young men in the European War as England did. My own experience of comparison between the two countries suggests a contrary conclusion. Looking back at those who were most prominent in the debating societies of the National University, I recall the names of one after another who was killed in France in the Great War, so that those who were killed in Ireland during the troubled times—and the young men trained in the National University naturally bore the brunt of the national agitation—appear to me to have been fewer than those who died in the various theatres of the Great War. Between both, the propor-

By DENIS GWYNN

tion of able young men who have been carried off before they had time to do solid work is appallingly large.

Kevin O'Higgins himself was at the National University at the same time as the others, but it is at once curious and significant that he never made the smallest impression there. I was actively connected with most of the students' societies and activities at the time; and I cannot even remember having heard that he was at the University at all. I had lost sight of him after I left Clongowes, where also he was surprisingly inconspicuous. As a schoolboy, I remember him as being a rather heavily-built country-bred boy, who was not even in any of those classes which contained the boys who might be expected to distinguish themselves in examinations. One of his elder brothers had first-rate bookish brains, and another distinguished himself in the school debating society by deliberately insulting the chairman when asked to withdraw a statement which reflected on the patriotic tradition of the school. But none of his brothers has ever made anything like the same mark in the world as the shy, lonely, rather awkward boy whom I remember as Kevin Higgins—for it was not until long afterwards that he inserted O' before his name, as a symbol of his sympathies with the Gaelic movement. He went to a seminary afterwards, intending to become a priest, but was sent down for some small offense against discipline: I believe it was for smoking in forbidden precincts. After that he went to the National University in Dublin, where he took his degree in Arts. Having graduated, he returned to his own people in Queen's County; in the first year or so of the war, when the Irish Volunteers were being trained, and he became prominently identified with them locally.

I DOUBT whether anyone outside the very restricted circle of the Irish Volunteers had ever heard of him even at the time of the Easter Week rising in 1916. He took no part in the insurrection himself; but at the general elections which Mr. Lloyd George held immediately after the war he was returned, while still "on the run," as M. P. for Queen's County, though, of course, he never took his seat at Westminster.

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To be either a prisoner or a fugitive was at that time an almost indispensable qualification for election in the less important constituencies; and, as the British authorities had rounded up all sorts of young men on suspicion, there were surprising results when they were released. O'Higgins was at large during the first Dail, when Mr. de Valera was acknowledged popularly as President of the Irish Republic; and his capacity as an organizer soon led to his appointment as deputy Minister for Local Government, at the time when Sinn Fein had established its own courts

Fein and was a tower of strength in giving advice and encouragement to the young leaders, was his uncle by marriage. Mrs. Healy and Kevin O'Higgins' mother were sisters, both being daughters of the veteran T. D. Sullivan, Q. C. But it was not until after the truce had actually been signed that Kevin O'Higgins became a national figure. He took no part even in the Treaty negotiations conducted by Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. But the interval had liberated a number of these younger men, and Kevin O'Higgins had already attracted the



Left
KEVIN
O'HIGGINS



Right
EAMON
DE VALERA

and was making rapid headway towards creating a working Government of its own, functioning more successfully than the British Government itself. It was an extraordinary training in the arts of government, when the leaders were constantly "on the run" and orders had to be issued by secret meetings, and Ministers were constantly being captured in raids by the military and Black and Tans, and successors had to be found immediately to carry on their work under increasingly difficult conditions.

O'HIGGINS soon developed very remarkable organizing gifts, besides getting to know the country thoroughly. He had also inherited qualities as a politician. Mr. Tim Healy, who had for some time thrown in his lot with Sinn

notice of Arthur Griffith and won his confidence. When the split came, and the case for the Treaty had to be fought at public meetings, O'Higgins very quickly became one of the most effective speakers on the Free State side. His speeches had a force that came like a revelation to a country sick of talk, sick of wrangling, and sick of commotion and destruction. He had inherited the passionate eloquence of the Sullivans; he had unbounded courage and a way of hard hitting that recalled Parnell. He developed a genius for irony; and Mr. de Valera and the other irreconcilables soon found that his ridicule of their own hair-splitting over the subtle difference between the formula to which they had themselves agreed and the formula contained in the Treaty

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itself, was discrediting them on a thousand platforms. He had made his mark at once as the most promising of the new men who had come into the public eye. Arthur Griffith called him into the Provisional Government and found that he had secured in him his ablest lieutenant in those interminable debates which resulted in the final ratification of the Free State by a bare majority in the Dail.

out of love of danger and activity. Only two young men of really great ability remained in the Government, over which Mr. Cosgrave had undertaken to preside, without any of the gifts that make for popular success, although he possessed the supreme gift of being able to keep a group of conflicting personalities together.

Richard Mulcahy, who succeeded Collins as Commander-in-Chief of the Free State forces,



FROM that time forward he grew in stature amazingly. He was the ablest debater in the Dail, with a genius for political life, and an overwhelming interest in it. It is not too much to say that his combination of political brains with personal courage and character saved the Free State at a time when probably no one else could have saved it. Griffith was worn out with overwork, and within a few months had died from sheer fatigue and strain. Collins, who was a big, reckless sentimentalist, utterly unsuited for steady constructive work, and impatient to rush into personal adventures instead of remaining at headquarters, had let himself be entrapped in an ambush in West Cork. He had thrown his life away simply

THE IRISH FREE STATE GOVERNMENT, HEADED BY PRESIDENT COSGRAVE AND VICE-PRESIDENT O'HIGGINS AND ARMY, PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE MEN WHO GAVE UP THEIR LIVES IN EASTER WEEK, 1916

had the temperament of a dreamer, which, to some extent, paralyzed his otherwise remarkable powers of organization. Professor Eoin MacNeill, who had founded the Gaelic League and then the Irish Volunteers, had been too long associated with the whole

national movement to tackle the problem with the grim singleness of purpose and freedom from personal ties that the situation required. Only two young men in the Provisional Government came to it with their whole energy unimpaired and with a natural capacity for the ceaseless work and ruthless action that were needed if the Free State was to survive. One of them was Patrick Hogan, now Minister of Agriculture, who within the past few years has probably done

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LEARNING THE IRISH LANGUAGE. TEACHERS FROM ALL PARTS OF IRELAND ATTEND ST. PATRICK'S TRAINING COLLEGE, DUBLIN, DURING THE SUMMER VACATION

more constructive work in Ireland than any other man living. At that time he was only recently released from internment, and an unknown quantity beyond the fact that he had made a brilliant university career and had begun to make rapid headway as a country solicitor in County Galway before the Black and Tans had arrested him while searching for someone else.

O'Higgins alone showed that genius for politics that the others lacked. It is hard to think of him, as one recalls him in recent years, as anything but a politician. His whole being was wrapped up in politics. No other profession could have attracted him; and when he said jokingly once that he would jump at the offer of a county court judgeship, if he could find someone else to relieve him of his office as Minister of Justice, the thought of his retiring from politics, or even of his contemplating so much as a month of leisure, seemed almost inconceivable. In the very first phase of the fight for the Treaty he made his mark and found his feet as a born political leader. He had outstanding gifts of oratory. He talked so little at all times that only a supreme occasion would have revealed him as an orator. But the crisis which brought him into public life was one in which the gift of speech might control the destinies of the country. He was a fearful adversary in debate. Naturally silent, reserved and sardonic, he had a way of emit-

ting epigrams or lightning phrases that summed up a whole controversy or withered his opponents with scorn. And on public platforms he had the electricity of the real orator, the gift of sincerity at white heat that could dominate and inspire vast crowds of men. This young man, so mature, so intense, so utterly in earnest, came as a revelation to the country which had been longing for a real leader, and revived the courage that had been almost extinguished after the deaths of Collins and Griffith within a few months of their apparent success.

HAD IT not been for this power of arousing personal enthusiasm and restoring confidence, even the iron will of Kevin O'Higgins could scarcely have availed to save the Free State. A bitter and widespread and organized civil war had broken out; and those who had supported the Treaty found themselves compelled either to shoot down their own former colleagues, who had shared imprisonment or ceaseless danger with them only a few months before; or else to allow chaos and destruction to overtake the whole country. The two chief authors of the Free State were already dead, and Mr. Cosgrave was an unknown quantity to the mass of the people—a new man without education or position, and with a scurrilous manner of speech that might be forgiven in Mr. Healy or in Daniel O'Connell, but that lacked dignity in the Presi-

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dent of a new State. Confidence in the new Government was utterly lacking. Mr. de Valera, who had been the idol of the country for several years, had declared war on it. More than half the best known figures on both sides had died in one way or another before the civil war had been fought out. If the new Government were to succeed, there was no alternative to utter ruthlessness. It was no time for those who hanker after popularity and applause. Whoever undertook the office of Minister of Justice must shoulder all the odium of becoming the executioner of his own friends. There was little enough kudos to be gained for anyone; but even such prestige as could be won by the military success which in time rewarded the ability of General Mulcahy and the tactics of his military chiefs, was not to be looked for by the one Minister above all others who had to undertake the dirty work of ordering the execution of prisoners. Yet the very thanklessness of the position was the consideration that would have weighed most with Kevin O'Higgins in inducing him to undertake it.

From the beginning he took his life in his hands fearlessly; and he proceeded to do violence to every feeling of natural affection or of compassion that might in a weaker man have sapped the foundations of the State.

NOTHING could be more false than to represent him as being callous or indifferent to the shedding of blood. He knew from the beginning that he would be regarded, even by most of his supporters who did not know him personally, as vindictive, merciless and cruel. Fortune spared him nothing. One friend after another who had sided with Mr. de Valera in a sincere belief that the nationalist cause had been betrayed had to be executed or hounded to submission. The supreme blow from which he never recovered—for he was haunted to the end by the tragedy in which he had played so large a part—came after the surrender of the Four Courts. Rory O'Connor, an impulsive, attractive man who had returned to Ireland in 1914 after spending some years as an engineer in Canada, had seized the Four Courts and held it against the



SEAN COLLINS ADMIRING
CENOTAPH, ON GOVERNMENT
BUILDING, IN MEMORY OF
MICHAEL COLLINS (HIS BRO-
THER) AND ARTHUR GRIF-
FITH. CENOTAPH IS 40 FT.
HIGH, SURMOUNTED BY AN
ARTISTIC CELTIC CROSS

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Government until an armed conflict became inevitable. He was retained as a prisoner after his garrison had been compelled to submit; and when the civil war reached its climax and assassinations could be put down in no other way than by sheer terrorism, the Government decided that an act of reprisal must be carried out, and that Rory O'Connor, with three other Republican leaders, must be executed. It was a decision of the whole Cabinet, from responsibility for which none of them has ever shrunk. But it was Kevin O'Higgins who had to sign their death warrant; and the shock to public feeling in Ireland was all the more overwhelming when it was realized that Rory O'Connor was not only one of the few intimate friends of Kevin O'Higgins, but had been best man at his wedding less than a year before.

WHETHER such an act of reprisal in cold blood can ever be justified, or whether it can even serve a useful purpose, is a matter that will long be argued. The whole country was sickened by it, and O'Higgins began to appear thenceforward as an inhuman monster of cruelty and revenge. But only those who knew him personally realized how fiercely he resented the necessity, as he saw it, of the decision; how gladly he would have volunteered—if the future of the country itself were not at stake—to take the place of the man whom he had himself condemned to death. It was years before the memory of that awful act was lived down; and Kevin O'Higgins himself felt it more bitterly than anyone else. Popularity in the ordinary sense meant nothing to him. Money meant nothing to him. Success—beyond the sense of performing something that was worth doing in itself—made no appeal to his austere nature. And with the restoration of stable conditions he would have grown sick of everything, disillusioned and embittered beyond all human endurance, if his office had not provided him with a task that would have taken all the years of a less able man's life, to accomplish. He found relief, and an occupation for all his energies, in the work that lay before him as Minister of Justice. The whole legal machinery of the country had to be overhauled. The police, formerly an armed force of ridiculously excessive strength, had to be replaced by a new and much smaller body of men, who had to restore order and respect for government without being armed, at a time when successive years of turmoil and civil war had brought all law and order to chaos, and when there was a gen-

eral disposition to believe that the Government would not dare face the unpopularity of collecting taxes when payment was withheld.

Within a few years Kevin O'Higgins had not only created the Civic Guard, as a highly trained body of unarmed police, of not much more than a quarter the strength of the old Royal Irish Constabulary, but had established respect for the law in a way which had never been known in Ireland within living memory. Illicit distilling, poaching, all the minor offences against the law which had been regarded under the British administration even in the least disorderly times, as being acts that anyone would condone, were for the first time ruthlessly suppressed. Payment of taxes, evictions in default of payment of rent, seizure of cattle in cases where rates were not paid—all these and other functions of government were within a marvellously short space enforced upon a bewildered country. There was fierce resentment at first in many places; and the Government, which had been compelled to impose frightful taxation to pay part at least of the claims for compensation arising out of the recent turmoil, became bitterly unpopular as a growing catalog of grievances was piled against it. But before long the good sense of the country began to assert itself. The Government, there was no denying it, had performed miracles; and the chief miracle-worker was Kevin O'Higgins. Confidence was created by the mere mention of his name; and his personality gradually became more widely known, while his qualities developed rapidly with the responsibilities of office.

THOSE who worked with him or came across him during those years of desperate work and strain will always bear testimony to the increasing generosity and the gentleness of his character. In the Dail debates he had become the ablest debater on the Government's side. He was the most effective and authoritative speaker on a great variety of subjects. He became less drastic with his critics, more patient of suggestions from other sides; and, while his deadly powers of irony and invective were always in reserve, he acquired broader and more statesmanlike methods in the exposition of his case. His ascendancy over the Dail grew with every month, until he had ceased to be the protagonist of an unpopular government and had become rather the most brilliant and gifted figure in a national assembly. The change in recent years had been very remarkable.

A few years ago, it was no secret that rela-

tions between him and the President were very strained. It was no wonder; for the whole Cabinet had been living under police protection with their lives in their hands for several years, and everyone's nerves were on edge to the last limits of endurance. O'Higgins and the younger members of the Government formed a group by themselves, and there were many points on which they differed from Mr. Cosgrave. But time healed many sores. And for the avoidance of any split in his Cabinet through those years of desperate tension, when a group of men, all new to politics and new to one another, worked together through the most trying times, more credit is due to Mr. Cosgrave than to anyone else. Indifferent to personal popularity, he had the virtue of humility, and did not care how little credit was given to himself or what rankling things might be said by critics about the alleged superiority of his lieutenants over himself. Time has brought about a great change in the estimate that was formed at first; and, in these less hectic days men have come to regard Mr. Cosgrave, with his devoted public spirit, his shrewd judgment and his hatred of applause, as the most indispensable member of the Free State's Government.

IT IS no disparagement of Kevin O'Higgins to say that he could scarcely have formed and held together a Government in the Free State even at the time of his death. A few years back, when his prestige stood highest because of his being identified with the restoration of law and order, such a thing would have been utterly impossible. His genius was too fiercely provocative. Not only would the Government Party have split under his leadership, but the Cabinet itself could scarcely have held together for more than a few months. But he had grown less truculent and less difficult in temper in the last few years, and there was no longer any doubt as to his future if he had lived—and if he had continued in politics. That was the real question. His work in restoring order was already done. There was less and less scope for his restless energy of work, day after day, far on into the night. He had turned his attentions more and more to other things. In constitutional debates, and, above all, in the Imperial Conferences and in the League of Nations, he had found a wider field for his abilities, where he met and challenged the acknowledged statesmen of many nations on equal terms, and made an immense impression by his simplicity of character and the power and subtlety of his intellect, from his first appearance

among them.

Irish politics no longer called for the same qualities of decision, or gave scope for the same energy and adventure as at first. It is not too much to say that he had quite definitely begun to grow tired of them. He hated the petty wrangling of an electioneering campaign; and the result of the last election—although he felt that those who voted for Mr. de Valera did not seriously intend a breach with England, but were chiefly concerned to snub the Government—was a bitter disappointment to him. He had one consolation in having been made Minister for External Affairs in the new Government. That would henceforward have placed him personally in charge of the negotiations at Geneva and in London. He had been increasingly prominent in such negotiations already to an extent which was as embarrassing to him as to Mr. Fitzgerald, who held the portfolio of External Affairs. He had already cut so big a figure at the Imperial Conferences, and not less at Geneva, that he had discovered the possibilities of developing Dominion status in practice and of enlarging the consultations between the Free State and the other Dominions. He could look forward to interesting and vitally important work as a really commanding figure in Imperial, and even in world, politics. There was a prospect of a little leisure at last.

BUT WHETHER he could ever have settled down to such a life, while being harrassed from day to day by the increasing reaction against a Government which sooner or later must in the nature of things give place to a new grouping in Irish politics—lonely at all times, and more conscious of his enemies than of his friends in Ireland as he had become—is a question that fate has left unsolved. His work was done; and the revolution still continues to "devour its children," as it has done in every country since the days of Mirabeau and Danton and Robespierre. He had passed like a meteor through Irish history, and his passing was the biggest event in Ireland in our time. New conditions, largely of his making, have taken shape in a country which shows every promise of returning to its old peaceful ways. And in a self-governing Ireland, building up its agriculture and its export trade in the hope of reviving its population, which has dwindled yet further in the turmoil of late years, there is no room for a genius so Napoleonic, even though he have the austere, almost monastic, qualities that made up the character of Kevin O'Higgins.

Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

Edited by N. M. LAW

REAL SERVICE FOR HEFLIN

THE SIGN is four-square in back of this national "Heflin-as-Foghorn Week." But could not all lighthouses along both coasts be linked together by radio? Thus a gigantic saving could be effected by the reduction of personnel in the lighthouse service and spouting "Old Faithful" would have a proper expanse for his loud-mouth vaporings and ample opportunity to serve his country well. From *The Independent* (New York):

The movement in the Alabama Legislature to make Senator Heflin an admiral in order to defend this country from the impending attack of the Pope of Rome has been received with great favor in all quarters except Alabama and the Navy. The burghers of the larger Alabama cities, the *savants* of her universities and academies, the *intelligentia* of her *salons*, may be fed up with Mr. Heflin, but in the Saharas of the Bible Belt they like their loud-speakers loud. Of course, the Navy views the proposal with alarm, if not with horror, but one feels that its reactions are selfish and lacking in consideration for the public weal. Perhaps the most useful place to put Mr. Heflin would be in the lighthouse service. Anchored, let us say, at Nantucket Shoals, Mr. Heflin, on foggy days and nights, would render priceless service to navigation. As he hurled defiance at the Pope or *The Independent* or the "money power," sailors miles distant would hear and sheer away from his shallows.

This is a really high-class suggestion and we in-dorse it heartily. Soon we expect to announce a national "Heflin-as-Foghorn Week."

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RELIGIOUS GROUP

While we rejoice that (according to the report from the N. C. W. C.) Catholics form the world's largest religious group, the sad fact remains that the world is nearly two-thirds pagan. And what is more distressing, missionaries are few and funds always scarce.

London, Aug. 1.—Catholics form the largest single religious body in the world, Christian or non-Christian, according to figures just published here by Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B., who makes a special study of religious statistics throughout the world.

Dom Maternus states that Catholics number 330 millions. The next most numerous group are the Confucianists and Toaists (non-Christian), who number 300 millions.

One surprising revelation is that the world population of the Jews is only 15,000,000, the smallest religious group.

Dom Maternus quotes figures which show that the total population of the world is 1,819 millions.

Twenty-five years ago it was estimated at 230 millions less. With the addition to the Catholic figures of 210 million Protestants and 144 million Orthodox, the Christian population is 37.6 per cent of the world's total, so that pagans form rather less than two-thirds of the total.

THE POOR IRISH!

The following exultant gloat is taken from *The Missionary Review of the World*: If the colporteurs of the Presbyterian Church were to investigate the fine family life and the low divorce rate among the people of Southern Ireland they would have a far greater reason for thanksgiving. The Bible may or may not be in these Catholic homes but the love of God and His Commandments is surely there. Each Sunday at Holy Mass portions of the epistles and gospels are read to an attentive people who carried out in their daily lives the injunctions of Christ and His Apostles.

This organization of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland reports "a year of remarkable success." The report continues: "While we rejoice in the work of spreading healthy literature, especially the Scriptures, throughout Ireland in Protestant and Roman Catholic homes alike, yet our great task is the circulation of the Word of God among our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, and never had we greater reason for thanksgiving than at the present time. During the year 52,520 Roman Catholic homes were visited, 18,352 for the first time; and in these 25,800 sales were made, of which 14,772 were Scriptures in whole or part. In these homes visited, our colporteurs held 17,000 religious conversations, read the Scriptures in 5,759, and prayed in 486. The unanimous testimony of our agents is that the people are more accessible than two years ago."

THE HALF MILLION DEFECTION

The following excerpt from the pen of a Methodist layman is in strange contrast to the article printed above from *The Missionary Review*. The Inter-Allied Church Council reports that 500,000 members have quit the Evangelical churches in this country. N. D. Cochran commenting on this fact for the N. E. A. Service says:

"When half a million people withdraw from the church rolls it is a fair assumption that those who are running the churches have driven them away. My personal opinion is that the preachers have wandered too far away from their spiritual ministry and have disgusted many honest members by playing too much politics. Many preachers have been med-

dling in affairs which are none of their legitimate spiritual concern. They got too busy lobbying for laws to regulate the personal habits of the people, including what we are to drink and wear and how we shall enjoy ourselves on Sunday.

"The churches that now complain of losses of membership are largely responsible for establishing the Anti-Saloon League as the political arm of the Protestant churches, and through the league lobby getting so deep into politics that they brought about what amounts in practise to a union of Church and State.

"Of course the preachers won't admit this. They won't admit that there is anything the matter with them. So we are told the war is to blame, the age of materialism and all that sort of thing. As the preachers are the church leaders, one would not expect them to blame their own poor leadership. . . .

"As one who was born and raised in the Methodist Church, I know how many Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians feel. They won't follow fanatical, ignorant, nosey preachers, who pay more attention to meddling in politics than to soul-saving; and I am convinced that it is the more intelligent members of the Protestant Evangelical Churches who are dropping from the membership rolls."

"AW, I CAN'T"

To those weak anent the knees or faint of heart, we recommend the following squib from the *Kansas City Star*:

"Aw, I can't!" whined the young nephew.
"You can't?" answered old Riley Rezzidew sarcastically. "You ain't been hypnotized, have ye, or got a broken leg, or the dyspepsy, or a wife and mother-in-law to henpeck the energy out o' you; you are not in the poorhouse or in jail, or bound hand and foot with chains, are ye? In this present Anno Domerni and this Great Land of the Free any whole and healthy man or boy who makes use of the word 'can't,' when referring to any task or duty of everyday life, ought to be arrested for misappropriating other people's property—stealing a word that is the rightful possession of cripples, paupers, prisoners, and model husbands."

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

The teaching profession is, perhaps, the noblest and the most arduous of all professions. A spirit of sacrifice, a love of work, an unending store of patience should be her qualifications. To those whose lot is cast in the classrooms, who need "grace to endure, fortitude to serve and the smile that fadeth not," we recommend the following prayer by M. L. Wright:

Let my heart find contentment in my work, and give me faith in the fulfilment of my efforts, that I may deal gently with ignorance and have no scorn for stupidity. Teach me to become as a little child, that I may better understand my task. Make me to rejoice in the fancies of youth, that my sympathies may be warm and tender. Let me understand the rights of childhood and at all times pay homage to the Golden Rule. Give me wisdom to inspire and a

warmth of heart that will make the world of childhood my friend. Forbid that I should mold others to my thought and will. Enable me to inspire others to their own possibilities. Give me grace to serve, fortitude to endure, and a smile that fadeth not in the face of adversity. Give me faith in humanity, and thus in myself, with patience to await the harvest.

REPENTANT "CENTRAL"

Though wearied at times beyond belief and justly indignant at the young lady at the other end of the wire, we cannot but sigh a heartfelt "Amen" to this repentant "Central's" prayer by Oliver Herford:

O Lord, for all I done today
To cause annoyance and delay
To make a person rant and rave,
For all wrong numbers I have gave,
And gave and gave when I'd be cryin'
For five three seven, thrree seven ni-yun,
For all the needless irritation
When I cut off a conversation,
The cusses—calls for information
Because of me—the slaps and slams,
The smashed receivers—darns and damns
I've caused this day—O Lord, for these
And all my sins,
Excuse it, Please!

THE RIGHT TO SNEEZE, INHALIENABLE RIGHT

According to Beverly Smith, writing in the *Herald-Tribune*, public sneezing in the parks is rampant since the opening of the hayfever season. Health Commissioner Louis I. Harris has announced that he will ask the coöperation of the Commissioner of Parks in destroying the rag weed and timothy grass. "The situation has become serious," says the commissioner. Rag weed lovers were in arms over the announcement, while radical foes of hayfever denounce his program as not sufficiently drastic. The issue, it is said, may go to the pollen places. Mr. Smith continues:

Opinion among hayfever addicts was divided. Some commented explosively, others held their breaths pending developments, and one spokesman said significantly, "If the issue is brought to a vote, they will hear from us at the pollen places."

The advocates of anti-sneeze legislation have not yet reached agreement on their program. One faction demands that sneezing be made a felony. Four sneezes, it was pointed out, would thus subject the sneezer to the fourth offender provisions of the Baumes laws and sequester him in stone surroundings for life. A milder suggestion is that hay fever sufferers be permitted to enter the parks only when leashed and muzzled.

The consensus of extreme opinion, however, favors a constitutional amendment. "We must protect the sneezer from himself," opined one extreme opinionist. "We must stamp out this terrible im-

pulse which brings an otherwise excellent citizen home to his wife and children a shambling wreck, bleary eyed, inflamed about the nostrils and sneezing uncontrollably. Only a constitutional amendment can give the government the necessary powers to blot out vegetation from coast to coast and pave every square foot of this country with asphalt. Production of green vegetables will be placed under rigid permit."

Advocates of personal liberty announced that they would fight to the last for light weeds and grasses and for the right of every man to as many sneezes as he pleases. "Sneezing is simply an emphatic form of breathing," they declared, "and Dr. Harris's announcement is the thin edge of the wedge to cut off our breathing entirely. Have we no right to inhale and exhale as we please? Have we no inalienable and exhalienable rights?"

A WOMAN AND THREE BOOKS

The account of the incident recorded below is taken from the pages of the *Baltimore Catholic Review*. No sermon need be drawn from it. May it long remain in the minds of our readers.

A woman who wore a wedding ring stood beside us in a street car the other day. In her arms she held three of the most salacious books of the last twelve months. She evidently was not satisfied with one pornographic volume. She had all the printed dirt that she could conveniently carry at one time.

Has the woman with the pornographic books children? We do not know. If she has, we do not understand how she can listen with a clear conscience as they say their night prayers—that is, if she does listen.

If that woman should find her daughters reading smut some of these days, what will she say?

How will she feel if these daughters have good memories and see fit to remind her that they got their start in reading filthy books, by seeing such filth carried home in street cars by the one who was supposed to keep their minds and hearts free from stain?—*Baltimore Catholic Review*.

BEEES ON A SPREE

"It is often a far cry from cause and effect," muses the writer of the Topics of *The Times*. The trite example of a famine in China causing a rise in the price of American pianos has found a long-range parallel in a story from Ohio. Because miners there are on strike, bees on a farm near Devil's Hole Creek have taken to strong drink.

The explanation is simple. The men out of a job put in their time on the pleasant business of making "home brew." The fermented mash, when removed from the vats, is thrown out and the convivial bees gather around, buzzing and tippling. At the end of the day, with no honest work to their credit, they return to the hive sodden with drink. The home-keeping workers, furious at such perfidious neglect of duty, fall on their drunken comrades, kill them and cast them out.

The irate owner has appealed to the prohibition officers for help. He complains that unless these speakeasies for the bees are padlocked he will soon lose his once flourishing apiary. But prohibition enforcement is already a big job and bees have a past record for sober industry. Perhaps readier redress could be found in an early settlement of the miners' strike.

GETHSEMANE

A contributor has sent in the following verses by Dorothy M. Porges, culled from Boston *Ideas*. We are glad to quote them in the pages of THE SIGN, and would like to receive more such Passionistic ideas from our reader in Boston:

In golden youth when all the earth's
A summer land for joy and mirth;
When souls are glad and hearts are light
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it but there lies
Somewhere beneath the twilight skies
A garden each must some time see
And suffer in—Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,
Youth lending beauty to the days;
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar,
We laugh, and think how strong we are;
We frolic on and hurrying go
Close to the borderland of woe—
That waits for you and waits for me—
Our garden of Gethsemane.

Down shadowed lanes across strange streams,
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty cape of years
Close to the great salt lake of tears,
This garden lies. Try as you may
You cannot miss it on your way;
All paths that have been, or shall be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

And all who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within this garden gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair;
God pity those who cannot say—
"Thy will, not mine!" who only pray
"Let this cup pass" and cannot see
God's purpose in Gethsemane.

THE TOMB OF VEN. DOMINIC

The tomb of Venerable Dominic, the founder of the Passionists in England, is now a well-known shrine. Father Dominic had the great privilege of receiving into the Church the illustrious Newman together with many of his associates. The report is from the N. C. W. C.:

London, Sept. 5.—Catholics of the towns surrounding St. Helens, Lancashire, visited this week the tomb at Sutton, near St. Helens, of the Venerable Dominic, the first Passionist apostle to England and founder of the Sutton monastery. After Mass there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the grounds.

The Holy Nails

A Brief Scriptural and Historical Study

THE RELICS of the Passion are objects of veneration to all Catholics, but few are acquainted with their history, and many are ignorant even of the locations of their shrines.

Most historians agree in their descriptions of the instruments of the Crucifixion, except in the case of the holy nails, where their accounts are variable and confused. This want of unanimity and clearness seems to be due to the fact that in succeeding centuries, different rulers, desirous of venerating at least a particle of the iron which pierced the sacred members of Christ, filed away portions of the nails, and, mixing a little of the filings with ordinary iron, fabricated other nails identical in form with the nails of Calvary. Consequently, many writers have been unable to distinguish between the originals and the imitations.

In the history of the Crucifixion the Gospel does not say directly that Christ was fastened to the Cross with nails, but it gives us to understand that such was the case when it attributes these words to the Apostle St. Thomas: "Unless I see in His Hands the hole of the nails and unless I put my finger in the place of the nails . . . I will not believe."

To the testimony of Scripture is added the testimony of facts, for portions of the nails used at the Crucifixion can be seen even at the present day.

In the days of Imperial Rome profane writers of that period, such as Lucius, Apulius, Plautus and Ausonius, inform us that victims sentenced to crucifixion were fastened to their crosses by large-headed nails, to prevent the hands being torn from it by the weight of the body. On this detail ancient ecclesiastical writers are also agreed.

By how many nails was Our Redeemer attached to the Cross?

In the thirteenth century the Italian painters Cimabue and Margaritone were the first to represent the feet placed one on the other and fixed by a single nail, but this method is contrary to profane history as well as Christian tradition. Ancient authors writing of Christ's crucifixion always mention four nails. One of the characters of Plautus says, in sending a slave to the

cross: "Two nails for the feet, two nails for the hands." Paint-

ings discovered in the recent excavations at the Roman church of St. Clement show a crucifix with the feet separated. All the monuments of Grecian art show us our Lord fastened to the Cross with four nails. The old crucifix of Lucques, in Italy, attributed to Nicodemus; the cedar wood crucifix, attributed to St. Luke, preserved at Siroli, near Ancona; the mosaic crucifix, executed in the eighth century, in the ancient basilica of St. Peter at Rome; a silver crucifix given by Charlemagne to Pope Leo III. in 814; the crucifix painted on parchment in a miniature of the old Gradual of St. Gregory of the eleventh century; all represent our Lord with the feet attached to the Cross by distinct nails.

In the Museum of Cluny at Paris I saw a thirteenth century Christ with the feet distinctly separated, and the nails are driven through the ankles—their proper position, as shown by the Holy Shroud at Turin. St. Cyprian (3rd century), Rufinus (4th century), St. Augustine, Pope Innocent III. (1200), Cardinal Baronius, and Pope Benedict XIV, all shared the same opinion.

WERE the nails driven through the palms of the hands and the middle of each foot? St. John says: "If I do not see the hole of the nails in the hands," in describing the incredulity of St. Thomas, and the Prophet Zacharias asks: "What are these wounds in the middle of thy hands?" From which it was naturally inferred that the wounds were in the position usually represented in sculpture and painting. But most authorities agree that in the case of Our Redeemer there was neither a wooden support for the feet nor the rudimentary wooden saddle provided in the Roman crucifixion of criminals and slaves. Consequently, with the sinking down of the body the wounds would be rapidly enlarged, the ligaments would be broken at the base of the fingers, and the hands would be torn from the nails. But in the wrists the two rows of little wrist bones are solidly united, and also the adjoining bases of the bones of the hands; and in the ankles a similar anatomical condition exists. So if the nails transfix the wrists and ankles there would be no possibility of a body becoming detached

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from a cross. The executioners knew their business. On the winding sheet at Turin is the figure of Jesus, imprinted by the spices and the sacred blood, and photographs show distinctly the marks of the wounds produced by the lance, the scourges, the crown of thorns, and the nails. The hands are crossed on the lower part of the abdomen, the left over the right. This hand bears at the junction of the wrist a brown stain resembling a blood clot. The right wrist is not visible, but the two forearms show wandering interlaced stains. Evidently the wrists were pierced, and the brown stains represent the blood which flowed down and clotted on the forearms.

IN THE wounds of the lower extremities the blood clots are at the heels, and on the under surface of the feet are interlacing stains of blood, so that the nails must have entered at the ankles.

The nails of the Savior were discovered with the cross by St. Helena in the beginning of the fourth century. St. Gregory of Tours says: *Clavi, qui beata membra tenuerunt, ab Helena regina post ipsius sacrae crucis inventionem reperti sunt.* (The nails which bound Christ's sacred members were found by Helena after the finding of the Cross itself.)

Callistus says that St. Helena found them in the tomb, and we know that it was a custom among the Jews to bury criminals with the instruments of their execution. It is recorded that she threw one of them into the Adriatic to calm a tempest. But history does not state the depth of the sea where this took place, or if she left the nail in the water. Considering the value of the relic, it is probable that she placed it in shallow water and withdrew it when the miracle took place. It is certain that we have not all the nails of Our Redeemer in

their integrity and primitive state. Their metallic nature made their multiplication easy by inserting in imitation portions of the true relics. Some of the nails exposed for veneration contain a portion of the sacred iron and others have only been in contact with it. Constantine is recorded to have made twelve nails with one nail from the cross and ordinary iron, and one of these was given by Constantine Copronymus to Charlemagne. The best known relics are to be seen at the cathedral of Treves, the cathedral of Monza, near Milan, the cathedral of Carpentras in the south of France, and at the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome.

We will study each in detail.

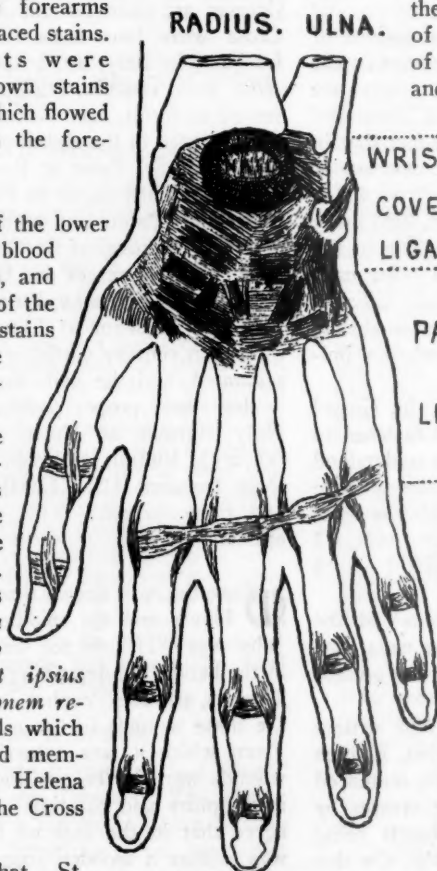
St. Helena ordered one of the nails to be mingled with ordinary iron and transformed into a horse's bit for her son, the Emperor Constantine, and this is preserved

at Carpentras. Another nail was beaten out into a thin rim of iron and set in his golden diadem.

ANTERIOR ASPECT OF RIGHT HAND. NAIL AT JUNCTION OF BONES OF WRIST AND FOREARM

M. Rohault de Fleury, the greatest authority on the relics of the Passion, believes that in each case only a portion of a nail was utilized. St. Ambrose in his funeral oration on the death of Constantine states that with one nail a bit was made and a diadem covered with another: *De uno clavo frenum fieri praecepit, de altero diadema intexuit, unum a decorem, alterum ad devotionem vertit.*

THE iron crown of Monza, or, as it is commonly called, the iron crown of Lombardy, is so small that it can only cover the upper portion of the head. The iron ribbon attached to its inner surface is 13 millimetres high and 1 millimetre in thickness, and weighs about three ounces in English measure. Its length is about 16 centimetres (6¼ inches). The crown con-



WRIST BONES COVERED BY LIGAMENTS.

PALM BONES WITH LIGAMENTS.

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sists of six golden bands, adorned with twenty-two precious stones of different colors.

In 585, St. Gregory the Great, who was legate to the Holy See at Constantinople brought it with him to Rome. When he became Pope in 590, he bestowed it on Queen Theodolinda, a Frankish princess, under whom the Lombards first changed their Arian faith for the Catholic. She presented it to her husband, and so it passed into possession of the succeeding kings of Lombardy. Charlemagne was crowned with it in 774, also the emperors of Germany, kings of Italy from the time of Henry the VII. in 1311. Charles Quint wore it at Bologna in 1530, Napoleon at Milan in 1805, and Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, in 1838. When the Austrians left Lombardy in 1859, they took the Iron Crown to Vienna, but the Emperor restored it to the King of Italy in 1866. Since then it has taken its former

VERTICAL SECTION OF THE
RIGHT FOOT. NAIL AT
JUNCTION OF BONES
OF LEG AND FOOT

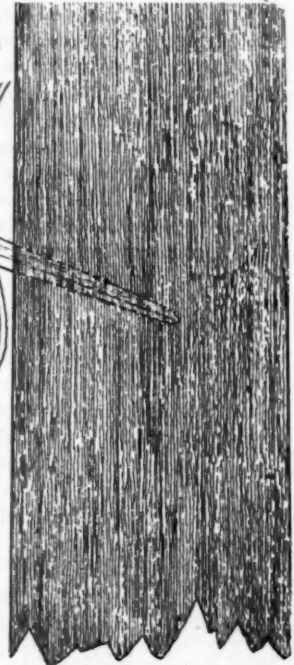


place at Monza, near Milan, in the treasure chest of the cathedral founded by Queen Theodolinda.

THE holy nail of Treves was probably one of those used at the crucifixion. With the inner robe of our Lord and other relics of the Crucifixion, it was given by St. Helena to Agritius, Bishop of Treves, which was then one of the principal towns of the Empire, capital of the Gauls, residence of the emperors of the West until the end of the fourth century, and the native place of the saintly queen herself. Tradition and written documents, which date, unfortunately, only from the end of the eleventh century but which mention ancient traditions, are in agreement as to the authenticity of this relic. Professor Marx in his history of the robe of Treves, explains the absence of ancient documents by the fact that in the early days of the Church of the West it was not usual to transfer or even touch the relics of saints, and that in those troubled times such treasures were carefully hidden.

The holy nail and the other relics were kept under the high altar, without being exposed, from 1196 to 1512. After that date they were carried to other towns to avoid profanation, and finally were brought back to Treves in 1810. Since then it has frequently been exposed to public veneration.

Its first exposition was in 1196, when the Holy See accorded numerous indulgences to the faithful who would make a pilgrimage to the church and contribute to its support, but Pope Sylvester I. makes mention of the holy nail of Treves in a decree at the end of the fifth century. A bull of Leo X. in 1514, recognizes the celebrity of the church



by its possession of the robe of our Lord, one of the holy nails and other relics given by St. Helena.

The holy nail is kept under the table of the high altar of the cathedral. The point only is wanting; it was given to the Bishop of Toul, in northeastern France, and is often exposed there for veneration, but we are unable to find under what circumstances or at what date.

The nail of Treves is 17 centimetres in length, and a centimetre in breadth. The head at its upper part is rounded, and has a width of two centimetres at the summit and three centimetres at its junction with the shaft (a little more than an inch). The shaft is slightly curved and double edged. The point, preserved at Toul, measures a centimetre. Consequently the whole nail was about six inches in length.

The holy nail in the basilica of the Holy Cross

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of Jerusalem at Rome consists of a portion of one of the four nails of the crucifixion mingled with ordinary iron, and was brought to Rome by St. Gregory the Great with the Iron Crown of Lombardy. It is a copy of the holy nail of Treves, but the under surface of the head is hollow, like some of the ancient nails preserved in the Vatican Library, and is riveted to the shaft. It does not seem to have been made for use, for an ill-directed blow on the head would detach it from the shaft. It is generally considered to be one of the twelve models made by order of Constantine the Great.

THE FOURTH nail, or the greater portion of it, forged into a horse's bit by Constantine, was venerated at Constantinople for about eight hundred years, until it was brought to Carpentras by the Crusaders after the fall of the capital of the East in 1204. At this epoch many churches in France were enriched by relics brought from the captured city. These relics were sent to King Philip Augustus by Baudoin, Count of Flanders, the newly elected emperor of Constantinople, who had taken them from the chapel of the palace Bucoleon.

Since it is certain that the *Sanctum Frenum* was never again seen in that city, and that of the holy nails exposed to public veneration, the one at Carpentras is the only one that has the form of a horse's bit, it is natural to conclude that the holy nail preserved at Carpentras is the identical one that the great emperor transformed into a bit, and which was honored for centuries in his capital. In the archives of the cathedral we find an ancient document dated 1226, with a leaden seal bearing the effigy of the holy nail, which is also mentioned in an inventory of the relics made in 1322. In 1451, Pope Nicholas V. granted certain indulgences in connection with it. Its possession by seculars and the evils to which Carpentras was exposed in those days explains the absence of authenticating documents.

The *Sanctum Frenum* is really a horse's bit, such as the Romans used in their armies, and models can be seen in the National Library at Paris. It is preserved in a magnificent reliquary of gold and precious stones, three feet in height.

The mouthpiece or barrel is 17 centimetres in length (about 6 inches) and consists of two short bars, hinging on each other by two rings, with two smaller rings at the outer extremities.

One of the inner rings is completely soldered, and the other has been closed in the furnace in the ordinary way. Passing through the outer

smaller rings are two bars, which have about the same length as the mouthpiece, and a diameter of about half an inch. They have a slight up and down movement, limited by projections in the metal, and have decorated tops. At each extremity is a sheath in gilt metal about two inches in length.

External to the outer smaller rings for the bars are two little iron arches to which are suspended two other rings of different sizes for the attachment of the bridle. The forging of the bit is difficult, on account of the adjustment with the bars, it is well finished and shows no trace of a file. The entire weight is nearly twelve ounces.

The transformation into a horse's bit of one of the nails which pierced the sacred flesh of the Redeemer may surprise and even scandalize us. But St. Ambrose understood the designs of Providence inspiring this act, and explains that as kings have a tendency to abuse their power and precipitate themselves into crime, God and St. Helena wished to teach them by this instrument to quell themselves, and rule their subjects by the power of the Cross. For Constantine it was a symbol, a permanent lesson, but for his descendants it took its proper place among the most precious relics in the world.

The Acts of the Fifth Council, held at Constantinople in the middle of the sixth century, tell us that this relic occupied a special place among the other mementos of the Passion. They mention expressly that when the Pope Vigilius, accompanied by the Emperor Theodore, advanced to take the traditional oath, he swore by the Sacred Bit, extending his hand upon it: *Juravit Vigilius et per virtutem sancti freni.*

ONE OF the numerous miracles performed through this relic is related by St. Gregory of Tours who died in the sixth century. The emperor, Justinus the Young, became violently possessed by devils, and for three days his condition remained unchanged in spite of much fasting and prayer. Then someone thought of touching his head with the relic, whereupon the demons fled, and the prince was instantly cured. From this time until the thirteenth century, when it was brought to Carpentras by the Crusaders, we have no documents relating to its history. The reason is very simple. On account of the Greek schism, relations between West and East, between Rome and Constantinople, became more strained and less frequent. The Catholics, no longer communicating with the schismatics, were deprived of the happiness of contemplating the

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wonderful relics hidden in the treasures of the imperial place and the basilica of St. Sophia. At Carpentras, the authenticity of the holy nail has been proved by many miracles; it is frequently carried in procession, and the pilgrimages from the whole South of France are made to the Shrine.

In recapitulation, the authenticity of the holy nail of Treves, the Iron Crown of Lombardy, and the Bit of Carpentras, seem to be incontestable and, I think that my readers will agree that the two latter contain at least a large portion of two of the nails used at the Crucifixion, in spite of their modified form. The nail at Rome certainly came from Constantine; but judging from

its appearance, is probably one of the twelve models fabricated from the fourth nail.

A lengthier and more worthy study of the history of the holy nails throughout the Christian centuries would occupy more space than can be afforded it in the pages of *THE SIGN*. However, we believe that enough of their history both scriptural and ecclesiastical, has been given to enable us to understand something of Catholic veneration of these instruments of the Sacred Passion, of the agonized torture they caused the world's Redeemer, and of the love that bound Christ to the Cross. May He imprint His sacred wounds deeply and forever on the hearts of all who profess belief in the world-wide redemption.

Number 6287

Sick Men are no Disgrace to a Hospital

FLOYD LARCOM walked down the road past the residences of officials and the administrative buildings and through the gates into the outer world. The nightmare of his five years of convict-life in San Quentin Prison were over at last but he was not yet awake. The spaciousness of the world that Spring morning, the radiance of the dancing sunlight on the waters of 'Frisco Bay and the sounds that came to him, unmuffled now by the cliff-like walls of the penitentiary, did not at first convey the impression of freedom. In his own imagination he was still a prisoner and this was but an ampler prison into which he had been thrust. So used was he to have all his movements directed that the very capacity for initiative seemed to have died. He gazed stupidly at the scene not knowing what to do, not conscious of any impulse to do anything. He was still Number 6287. Floyd Larcom had yet to be reborn.

The last time he had looked at that scene those years of stifled desire, of dumb raging and then of passive inertness lay before him, unknown and even inconceivable. His mind had been active, his pride uncrushed. He had exchanged

By JAMES B. YELANTS chaff with the friendly deputy who had brought him there as though they had been merely on some pleasant jaunt together. But the machine had done its work. He seemed no longer a man, only a convict.

As he walked on there came back to his mind slowly the plans he had formed in the early days of his incarceration as to what he would do when he left. Out of the mist of his thoughts emerged the picture of his native town and the faces of those he had known there, the face especially of a girl with dark eyes, a girl whose lips he had once pressed. Yes, he would go back to San Dominique. In this strange, bewildering world opening out before him it was the one place he knew.

WANDERING later along Market Street, dazzled by the unaccustomed sights, shrinking from the observation of curious eyes in the hurrying crowd, his mind clung desperately to that resolve. San Dominique was a rock in the tumult of ocean waves beating on him. Life itself seemed to depend on holding to that. With quickened pace and the first gleam of hopefulness

that had appeared in his ashen face he made for the depot and took his ticket.

During the hour's journey, that gleam returned again and again. He would go back to the office of *The Star* where he had worked before. Surely they would find some berth for him. Cyrus L. Marks, the editor, had always been friendly in the old days. He would make it clear that there was to be no repetition of the wild doings which had led up to that affair. By now the robbery for which he had gone to San Quentin was buried under scores of similar events. He was not the only fool in the world. Not by a long way. There were worse fellows than he who had made good.

San Dominique did not concern itself with his arrival. Its palm-bordered Main Street looked as it had looked five years before but there were no glances of recognition from those who passed him by. At the door of *The Star* office he met Jud White coming out and laid a nervous hand on his arm. Jud had been assistant editor in the old days. The newspaper man looked at the detaining hand on his sleeve and then at the face to which it belonged.

"You remember me?" said Floyd.

A puzzled expression came into his former colleague's face, then a light dawned.

"What, Larcom!" he said. The tone was not encouraging.

"I want to see Mr. Marks. Is he in? Shall I go up?" in a hesitating voice. Jud's manner had dashed the ex-convict's courage.

"MR. MARKS has quit. I'm editor now. Good-day!" was the answer. With a brusque movement Jud White detached himself and hurried down the street. For a little while, Floyd stood staring after him. Then he turned and went in the opposite direction.

Later in the day he met Grover Stedman. Grover had once been a pal of his and he appeared to be cordial, and was tactfully forgetful of the past when Floyd hailed him. They had a meal together. By common consent they treated the five year's absence as if it had been spent in some business expedition or pleasure jaunt. "You'll have to stop right along with us now," was his friend's injunction.

But going down street after their meal, they came face to face with Jud White who stared hard at them. Stedman knew White and nodded to him but the salutation was not returned. The reason was obvious. Evidently the editor had cut him because he was in Larcom's company, and the editor was a powerful individual in the

San Dominique community. The incident exercised a perceptible influence on Stedman's cordiality. At the next block he bade his companion good-bye, saying he had an appointment.

THIS sudden change of manner and quick departure were not lost on Floyd. Public opinion had pronounced its verdict in the look which had countered his companion's salute, and his temporary champion had beaten a hasty retreat. It would not do to stand up against the veto of so important a person as the editor of *The Star*.

It had been Floyd's intention to obtain some sort of employment, to gain some recognized position in the world of respectable citizens and then to go out to see Beth. He could not go, he felt, until he had recovered his place among his fellows. Without the backing which that would give him he could not face her or ask her forgiveness. But the prospect of being able to fulfill this plan faded out. He made two or three half-hearted attempts to secure work, but the activity of his inferiority complex, the obvious absence of self-confidence in his bearing created a bad impression, and those whom he approached only shook their heads, gazing meanwhile at his woe-begone figure.

He had one resource and it came to him now.

During the earlier part of his stay in San Quentin's he had made the acquaintance of a certain irrepressible Irishman, Pete Ryan by name, doing time for forgery. At first Pete had interested him merely as a witty companion whose humor was able to withstand the assault even of that grim abode. Later, he had been initiated into some of the forger's secrets. In his more despairing moods he had discussed the possibility of working in with Pete's gang. Those were the days when any likelihood of being able to make good on his exit had seemed too remote to consider. His fellow-convict had given him an address in San Francisco where, he said, he would be found or at least heard of. But during the latter part of Floyd's sentence he had seen less of Pete. The Irishman had been in the hospital and when he reëmerged he had lost something of his old gaiety. The discussions concerning future coöperation, somewhat to Number 6287's relief, were not renewed. He no longer entertained the idea and was not sorry to dissociate himself with one who threatened to draw him back into a life of crime. Pete's time had expired some months before his own sentence had been completed, and this also had served to obscure the memory of their intercourse. But the humiliations he had suffered that day revived the half-

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formed plans of former times. The despairing moods he had experienced in the penitentiary were being repeated in his present frame of mind and what had then seemed a plausible solution of his personal problem was endorsed by the discouraging treatment San Dominique citizens had meted out to him. Pete appeared on the horizon of his mind as a possible deliverer. At least, he was a friend who might help him with advice. There would be no pharisaic pride about his fellow prisoner.

He had thoughts of going out to see Beth and flinging himself on her mercy. But he looked at his figure in a store mirror and saw the word "failure" written all over it. No, he could not approach her till, in some way or other, he had made good. What if, for a while, he should work in with Pete, acquire a few dollars, enough to make him independent of his partner, and then, with his self-respect reestablished, visit the farm where her parents lived? The plan appeared plausible. It gave him an excuse for a course of conduct that otherwise would have falsified all the resolves he had made. After all, his association with the forger, if it should materialize, would be only temporary. As soon as its immediate purpose was served he could quit.

IT WAS not as easy to find Pete Ryan as he had supposed it would be. At the address to which he went they looked at him suspiciously and said that no such person was known. By now the few coins with which he had left the prison were almost gone. He might have sought work of a reputable kind and would probably have found it, for 'Frisco was enjoying good times and labor was at a premium. But that inferiority complex stood in his way. He saw himself an exile from the community of industrious citizens. The feeling that he was branded grew rather than decreased as the days went by. And, in proportion as the sense of alienation from his fellows increased, so did the attraction of one who shared his shame. In his sauntering about the city his eyes became hungry for a sight of that well remembered Irish face. He was homesick for the consoling company of those who, like himself, were outside the pale of respectable society.

To add to his misery he was haunted by dreams of that gray building wherein five fruitless years had drifted by. He would wake, in the cheap lodging house to which he had betaken himself, expecting to find some warder hanging over him. In his sleep he found himself marching round and round the Exercise Ground in the company

of some thousands of others, till the monotony of the thing became frightening, threatening, if he did not break loose from it, to go on for all eternity. He would wake on these occasions with his forehead bathed in cold sweat. Of course he was ill. A sensitive mind, crushed and humiliated, imprisoned in a body none too robust does not make for health. And his physical disability reacted again on his mind. He escaped from the terror of these nights only to meet a gray, hopeless dawn and a long empty day. A sort of passion for Pete's company seized him.

WHEN one evening, as he sauntered idly in the neighborhood of the lodging house, he saw advancing down the street between the high tenement buildings a flicker of color and heard the sound of measured marching. The slanting rays of the sun lit up what appeared to be an array of banners. On came the procession, cleaving its way, like a painted galley, through a surging sea of onlookers. As it neared him he saw in the van a large crucifix boldly upheld above the heads of all by a man in a white surplice. Others similarly garbed followed. And as they marched they chanted some hymn. It had a haunting refrain.

Curiosity stirred Floyd and he watched the passing files of men and women with deepening interest. The figure of Our Lady seated on a throne and carried on the shoulders of four stalwart youths specially attracted his attention. People around him were baring their heads. Some knelt abruptly on the sidewalk. He looked up to find the cause of these obeisances and beheld a richly clad ecclesiastic under a canopy. The canopy was held by cords and poles. As he gazed at the spectacle the face of one of those supporting the canopy arrested his attention. It was a wizened face. Not a face one would associate with pious ceremonies, merry, rather, giving a decided impression of happiness. Not until he had stared at it for some seconds did it dawn on the observer that it was no other than Pete Ryan himself.

Floyd Larcom gasped as he made the discovery. Then he wanted to laugh. The humor of the thing took him, as it were, by storm. He could have shouted derisively at that queer figure marching so seriously with all those solemn folk. The old hypocrite! he ejaculated to himself as he hurried after the procession. Now that he had found him he wasn't going to lose sight of his pal, however strange and unexpected might be his surroundings. Running alongside he tried to attract Pete's attention, but that individual

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was too intent upon his duties to have eyes for spectators. For another quarter of a mile the procession continued on its way. Then it halted in front of a large church. The banners and effigies were lowered and the march up the aisle began. Floyd entered with others of the crowd. An organ thundered out its welcome. The smell of incense floated back to him. Number 6287 shrank into a back seat and waited. It had been bad enough to confront with an appearance of confidence the crowds in the street, but here, in the face of things holy and divine, it was worse. He was glad the church was dark.

IT WAS only a short service that followed. In a little while the congregation was pouring out. Floyd stood near the aisle peering in their faces, looking for Pete. At last he came. It was difficult to resist the temptation to grab him by the arm but Floyd overcame that impulse and satisfied himself with joining the outgoing tide. In the throng filling the porch he came up with his man.

The little Irishman gazed at him for a moment, then seized hold of him and marched him into the street. When they were clear of the crowd, he turned, but all he could say was, "Be jabbers!"

"What you doing in this show?" Floyd asked when the first exclamations of astonishment at so unexpected a meeting were over.

"Doing? Well, you saw what I was doing."

"Yes," was the puzzled query, "but how'd they come to let you? I reckon there'd be a fine row if they knew you'd done time in San Quentin."

"You've got off at the wrong place there, my son. If you're meaning Father Doyle, he knows all there is to know about me, barring what I don't know myself."

"And they let you march in the procession and lend a hand with the thingamegigs?"

"Sure. You see me."

"And they don't mind your being a convict, leastways an ex-convict?"

"Why should they? I done my duties. I've give up the crook business. Yes, sir, I've gone back to the Church. I ain't a saint, but I've gone back to what I was brought up to—straight."

"And they don't consider that your marching with them may disgrace them?"

Pete Ryan laughed his old infectious laugh.

"If that sort of thing could disgrace the Cath'lic Church," he said, "she'd have been disgraced long before this. She's got more of the down-and-out sinners in her ranks than any other body. It don't disgrace a hospital to have sick men in its wards. That's what it's for, I reckon.

Same with the Church. It's just for the likes of us she's meant."

It took some little time for that to sink in. In fact, they'd reached Pete's home, and Floyd, being asked in, had sunk, for the first time in five years, into an easy chair, before he had mastered the meaning of his companion's remark. Then a light began to dawn on him.

"It helps you a whole lot I'm thinking," he said, to take part in a show like that."

"Helps me? What way?"

"Well, helps you forget what you've been."

"If you put it that way—yes. I guess I'm so proud of being a Cath'lic I don't think of the other things. And if I don't think of them, it's time for other folk to quit thinking of them. Anyway, if the Church's given me absolution it don't matter a great lot what they think."

Floyd Larcom found the easy chair so comfortable that he stayed right on, and when night came he still remained, Pete making him a shake-down on a couch.

A few days later he found him work—work in which a knowledge of the art of going was *not* among the conditions.

It was scarcely a month after that had been settled when Floyd remarked one day:

"Seems to me I'll have to follow your example, Pete."

"What way?"

"Well, joining up with the Church, that is if they'll let me."

"What makes you think that, my son?"

"There isn't any other way I can learn to look folk in the face." And thus it happened that, when the next procession set out from St. Peter's, among those who marched in it was Floyd Larcom, late of San Quentin's Prison.

His anticipation that the Church would teach him to look his fellows in the face was so far fulfilled that one day he started off for the farm where Beth lived.

It almost seemed as though she was waiting for him.

"Where have you been all the time since—since you were free?" she asked.

"Learning how to stand the fire of your eyes," he answered.

"YOU NEEDN'T have waited, Floyd," she replied. "I've never stopped loving you." Then, seeing him turn away, she added, "Don't you believe me?"

"I believe something more difficult than that," he answered, "I believe God's loved me all the time, too."

Some Crimes

Against the Fine Arts of Reading and Writing

MANY CRIMES are being committed today against the fine old arts of reading and writing. One crime is of a commercial nature, and it has to do with the "dime novel." Young people nowadays would not buy an old-fashioned dime novel; their novels must cost two dollars, even if their contents be worth less than those of the novels that used to sell for a dime. Everything nowadays must cost several times its worth if it is to sell. Years ago, for example, one could buy a dress with enough silk in it to cover one's knees for about one-sixth of the price that would now be paid for the same dress minus the covering for the knees. Perhaps, however, modesty is worth at least the money that is paid to get rid of it.

Years ago, cheap books for cheap people were sold at their face value. Now, people whose souls are proportionately as cheap as their pockets are expensive, want to buy cheap things for their souls at high prices. So the honest old dime novel has given way to the best-seller; the high-sounding title "Youth Bartered for Gold" has metamorphosed into the plain one "Bread"—elegant simplicity being the motto of the ultrarich. There can be, as a rule, no doubt about the simpleness.

America is not a book-reading nation, despite the reign of the best-sellers. In England the number of books published annually exceeds the combined number of magazines and of newspapers. In America, the opposite is true. The *Saturday Evening Post*, for example, boasts over two million copies a week, whereas any best-seller among novels is happy to get into its second hundred thousand. Examine the magazine racks in railway stations; let your eye travel along your Pullman; and you will know what the American public reads when it travels. Step into milord's office or into milady's boudoir, and you will know what cultured Americans read during leisure hours. We want story magazines—preferably "true" story magazines and novels of the dime variety that have got into two-dollar jackets.

Another of our crimes against the fine arts of reading and writing is our tendency to set aside the question of moral values. Even the old-fashioned dime novel, which most of us read

surreptitiously and in a state of inward perturbation and shame, was comparatively clean beside the novels that are flaunted by their readers today. Then, too, these old novels made some pretense of pointing out the theme "the wages of sin is death." They were, as a rule, silly rather than vicious; men got on their knees to their ladies and recited amorous rhapsodies never heard in real life on land or sea, and girls mooned over dream-made lovers who would come riding on white chargers from some never-never land to carry them shrieking to a turreted castle. Oh, I grant they were not true to life (after the wild sweet dreams of young love have faded), but were they a thousandth part so in league with the natural enemies to virtue as are such books as "The Green Hat," with a nasty disease for its theme, or "Glorious Apollo," with the nastiest of all perverted sex affairs for its theme, or "The Hard-Boiled Virgin," whose theme I dare not mention? These books are being read by dozens of girls in their teens.

IT DOES no good to tell girls not to read such books. So long as such books are on the markets, girls will read them. Girls read more novels than boys do, and they are more morbidly curious than boys are. Our Catholic girls nowadays seem to think nothing at all of the danger of indiscriminate reading, and yet they are warned sufficiently. I have talked to many Sisters about this subject, and they all corroborate these statements. They ask, as I do, what is to be done about it? Forbidding girls to read is not enough; one must give them a substitute for the thing forbidden. Dozens of girls have said to me: "Well, if I can't read that book, give me another as interesting." It does not help much to give the modern girl the older novels; she wants modern literature. She will read the English poems from Chaucer to Browning with gracious ease; she will thrill to Romeo or Cyrano de Bergerac at their poetic love-making; but she waves aside the old novels with a bored gesture and asks for the novels of today.

Our paramount need is good Catholic fiction—not the kind that obtrudes its religion, but the kind in which the characters live by their religion as good Catholics do in real life. If the

heroine is a champion tennis player, the normal reader is far more interested in her tennis playing than in her religion. When, however, the tennis player chooses a husband, the novelist may insist properly that the reader come to a church wedding, or he may insist that the reader disapprove in case the heroine runs off to a justice-of-the-peace. The heroine need not be aggressively Catholic when she enters upon her career as an opera singer after three years' apprenticeship as a public stenographer, but she must show herself not only as a Catholic, but as an exceedingly thoughtful one when she abandons her career as a singer to enter the Little Sisters of the Poor. The principal need of the Catholic novelist is, it seems to me, a sense of proportion. Because so many of our Catholic novelists lack this sense, we have much Catholic fiction that makes religion odious rather than attractive. God's grace works silently in our souls; we should be content to let it work so in the novels we write to help souls to appreciate God's grace.

HERE is an immense difference between the Catholic novelist and the Catholic who writes novels, but it is a difference that need not be always apparent. When the novelist deals only in externals his religion is not called into the work of creation in any direct fashion. So long as the principles are not involved, the Catholic novelist is not different from any other novelist. Most of us are not required to make tremendous and therefore dramatic choices between right and wrong in our ordinary living; and so we naturally object to a hero or heroine who is forced to make such choices in at least every other chapter of his or her story. One or two such choices is sufficient for the ordinary novel. Obviously there may often be the necessity of a long preparation for the actual choice, but even in such cases there must not be endless analysis of character or the reader will be wearied. The principles at stake should be set forth briefly and intelligibly, but the reader should be spared from preachment. The ordinary reader submits to his Sunday sermon more or less gracefully, but he does object to his novelist in a pulpit.

When questions of principle are at stake the Catholic novelist is bound to reason as a Catholic or as an anti-Catholic; there is no middle ground here. All too often Catholics who write novels fail in this regard. Joseph Conrad is the most noteworthy example. From his novels he could never be known as a Catholic; in fact, his whole philosophy is at variance with Catholic principles. Man is in his novels usually the

victim of circumstances. It is true that the will of man is Conrad's hero; but he is a hero unaided by any kind of god, a hero doomed to defeat. There is no hint that his earthly defeat may be turned into heavenly victory. Axel Heyst in the novel "Victory" learns too late to trust in the love of a human being; and because he has nothing to live for he kills himself. The book ends on a note of despair: "There was nothing to be done—nothing." Joseph Conrad was a novelist of great power; he might have written a tremendous Catholic novel. He is but one among several Catholics of genuine ability who have failed to tell us the truth for which we ask. For bread of life they have given us the stones of death.

We Catholics have done great things in sculpture and painting and poetry. Why can we not do great things in fiction? We left the epic of the religious vocation to such a writer as Fannie Hurst, and she told it to thousands under the title "Appassionata." We got very angry at Edna Ferber's convent in Chicago, and yet none of us ever understood the romance of those brave women who do the work of the Good Shepherd sufficiently to weave it into a novel. No, we write yarns of the dime novel variety, except that our heroines are goody-goody, spineless creatures who simper behind their hands, and our heroes utter nothing more lifelike than bland platitudes. It is small wonder that our young people yawn prodigiously when we unhappy teachers ask them to read Catholic fiction. Oh, there are the few, the glorious exceptions. I admit this proudly. One must be grateful always for Monsignor Benson and several others. But what of those Catholics who are writing today and who give no hint of their religion?

CATHOLICITY is the heart of every great artistic achievement, for the simple reason that truth is the subject-matter of great art and Catholicity is truth. Great art is the one earthly immortality, the one way in which the soul may live on earth after death. Long ago Plato told us: "Books are the immortal sons defying their sires." St. Thomas, who built his philosophy of the beautiful on the teachings of Aristotle, tells us that the reason for the continuance of great art is its power to give mental pleasure, no matter how often the mind comes back to it.

Books that live have in them the power to give mental pleasure. In every great book, no matter how purely emotional it may seem to be, is that deeper something in which the mind rests.

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This rest of the mind is not a simple inertia or sleep; it is rather an active feeding of the mind. Great books feed the mind on good food; evil books give the mind small doses of poison. The body can get rid of small doses of poison; not so the mind, which stores everything that enters it in the subconscious. The reading of evil books seldom has an immediate effect; if it did so we should be better off because we should take alarm more easily.

IN A recent issue of the *Bookman* I read of an old man who said that he never read anything except the Sears Roebuck Catalogue, because he considers that reading wastes time. Life, he said, is too full to allow time for reading. It is, of course, true that the development of the mind is aided by study of other people; it is true that we become cultured by association with cultured people; but it is rather stupid to think that such association should be confined only to those immediately about us. Culture may be secured from association with the great ones of the past. The only possible means to such association is books. In books we find the intimate stories of some of the greatest people who have graced earth by living on it, for example, the saints. Shutting one's self off from the cares and distractions of daily living in the company of the saint is without doubt the highest of cultural pursuits. I cannot think of a better training school for the gentleman than a few hours spent daily in the company of St. Francis de Sales. This saint lived in interesting times. Why does not some Catholic of literary genius weave around him a living, breathing romance? Then there is the glorious St. Bernard, about whom a tremendously great historical novel could be written, with all the glamor of the Crusades for scenic background. Cooper immortalized the American forest for us, but Blessed Isaac Jogues turned that forest into a vestibule of Paradise. And yet we Catholics spin insipid yarns of boarding school misses and soda clerks, with divine romances lying unwritten. We are content to write dime novels, when we might write those that are purchased in coin of Heaven.

I think Ruskin's beautiful tribute to the good woman may also be applied to the good book. "The path of the good woman is indeed strewn with flowers, though they may rise after her feet rather than before them." The good book leaves in its wake flowers of courage, idealism, kindness. The good book is like a letter from a dear, brave friend, a message from an understanding, believing heart to one in need. To write a

good book one must discover the best that is in himself. Getting acquainted with one's self ought to make for culture as well as for spiritual growth, and it is a kind of culture too little understood in these distracted days. Thinking in one's heart is the best preparation for writing, and the dearth of good writing shows that the land is indeed made desolate for want of thinking in the heart.

Booksellers will tell us that writers dare not think because their readers do not want to be made to think. This is not true. People do want to think—witness the sale of Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" or Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." I know the retort obvious these books are foolish. Opinions may differ about the worth of the books; but they are read by thousands of earnest but blind seekers for the Way, the Truth and the Light, who are grasping at any helping hand, even though it lead them into the pit. People do not want to do laborious thinking, it is true; they want their thoughts wrapped in the guise of laughter. They want the truths they must learn wrapped in the mazes of a charming narrative. Well, we Catholics were taught by the Founder of our Church that stories are the best means of teaching, and who of us will presume to question the methods of Christ?

To write a book of high spiritual and mental quality is in itself an education. If the book be of critical or biographical character one must go through a long, severe course of intensive reading which will fill the mind with well-organized matter. Then one must make this matter a very part of one's self. One must discuss the subject with others and thus make it clear in one's own mind. What better method of personal development could there be?

ALL THIS reads like a special plea. It is. I wish every one who likes good novels would enter into a crusade to force our Catholic novelists to write great Catholic novels, Catholic in every sense, and great according to the novelist's limitations. We have a right to be indignant with those writers of genius who avoid Catholic subjects. We have an equal right to be indignant with those writers who should not write at all, but who insist on writing what they think is Catholic fiction. Would that their friends were more discriminating than kind!

The sins ye do two by two
Ye pay for one by one!

—Kipling.



THE FLIGHT FROM SODOM. LOT'S WIFE TURNED INTO A STATUE OF SALT

Sodom and Gomorrha

From the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Chapters of Genesis

WHEN he [Abraham] had lifted up his eyes, there appeared to him three men standing near him: and as soon as he saw them he ran to meet them from the door of his tent, and adored down to the ground. . . . And the Lord said: "The cry of Sodom and Gomorrha is multiplied, and their sin is become exceedingly grievous. I will go down and see whether they have done according to the cry that is come to Me: or whether it be not so, that I may know."

And they turned themselves from thence, and went their way to Sodom: but Abraham as yet stood before the Lord. And drawing nigh he said: "Wilt Thou destroy the just with the wicked? If there be fifty just men in the city, shall they perish withal? and wilt Thou not spare that place for the sake of the fifty just, if they be therein? Far be it from Thee to do this thing, and to slay the just with the wicked, and for the just to be in like case as the wicked, this is not beseeming Thee: Thou who judgest all the earth, wilt not make this judgment."

And the Lord said to him: "If I find in Sodom fifty just within the city, I will spare the whole place for their sake." And Abraham answered, and said: "Seeing I have once begun, I will speak to my Lord, whereas I am dust and ashes. What if there be five less than fifty just persons? Wilt Thou for the five and forty destroy the whole city?" And he said: "I will not destroy it, if I find five and forty." And again he said to him: "But if forty be found there, what wilt Thou do?" He said: "I will not destroy it for the sake of forty." "Lord," saith he, "be not angry, I beseech Thee, if I speak: What if thirty shall be found there?" He answered: "I will not do it, if I find thirty there." "Seeing," saith he, "I have once begun, I will speak to my Lord: What if twenty be found there?" He said: "I will not destroy it for the sake of twenty." "I beseech Thee," saith he, "be not angry, Lord, if I speak yet once more: What if ten should be found there?" And He said: "I will not destroy it for the sake of ten." And the Lord departed, after He had left speaking to Abraham: and Abraham returned to his place.

And the two angels came to Sodom in the evening, and Lot was sitting in the gate of the city. And seeing them, he rose up and went to meet

them: and worshipped prostrate to the ground. . . . And they said to Lot: "Hast thou here any of thine? son-in-law, or sons, or daughters, all that are thine bring them out of this city: for we will destroy this place, because their cry is grown loud before the Lord who hath sent us to destroy them." So Lot went out, and spoke to his sons-in-law that were to have his daughters, and said: "Arise: get you out of this place, because the Lord will destroy this city." And he seemed to them to speak as it were in jest.

And when it was morning, the angels pressed him, saying: "Arise, take thy wife, and the two daughters which thou hast: lest thou also perish in the wickedness of the city." And as he lingered, they took his hand, and the hand of his wife, and of his two daughters, because the Lord spared him. And they brought him forth, and set him without the city: and there they spoke to him, saying: "Save thy life: look not back, neither stay thou in all the country about: but save thyself in the mountain, lest thou be also consumed." And Lot said to them: "I beseech Thee my Lord, because Thy servant hath found grace before Thee, and Thou hast magnified Thy mercy, which Thou hast shewn to me, in saving my life, and I cannot escape to the mountain lest some evil seize me, and I die: there is this city here at hand, to which I may flee, it is a little one, and I shall be saved in it: is it not a little one and my soul shall live?"

AND HE said to him: "Behold also in this, I have heard thy prayers, not to destroy the city for which thou hast spoken. Make haste and be saved there, because I cannot do anything till thou go in thither." Therefore the name of that city was called Segor. The sun was risen upon the earth, and Lot entered into Segor. And the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrha brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. And he destroyed these cities, and all the country about, all the inhabitants of the cities, and all things that spring from the earth.

And his [Lot's] wife looking behind her, was turned into a statue of salt. And Abraham got up early in the morning, and in the place where he had stood before the Lord, he looked towards Sodom and Gomorrha, and the whole land of that country: and he saw the ashes rise up from the earth as the smoke of a furnace.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

WOUND ON OUR LORD'S SHOULDER

I read somewhere about devotion to a wound on Our Lord's shoulder. I think that St. Bernard or St. Gertrude was mentioned. Will you please tell me about this devotion, and if there is any special prayer to say.—M. A. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The devotion to the wound on our Lord's shoulder is commonly supposed to have originated with St. Bernard. It is said that he besought Our Lord to reveal to him the most severe of the hidden sufferings of His bitter Passion, and that Jesus replied: "The pressure of the heavy cross on My lacerated shoulder produced a dreadful wound, which, although so little reflected on by men, because unknown to them, was in fact the most agonizing of My torments. Venerate that sacred wound, and be assured that all petitions presented through its merits thou shalt obtain. Moreover, I will pardon and forget the sins of all who for My love shall honor it, bestowing on them My grace and mercy."

The same promise of great blessings on those who would venerate His glorious wounds was made to the Visitation Sister, Mary Martha Chambon. Of course, it must be remembered that by merely honoring this wound of Jesus, grievous sins will not be taken away directly. But grace will be given to those in mortal sin to confess them and be absolved from them.

It is not essential to say a special prayer to practice this devotion. The following may be the prayer which you referred to: "Most meek Lamb of God! I, a miserable sinner, humbly venerate the painful wound inflicted on Thy sacred shoulder by the heavy burden of the Cross. I adore Thee, O My Suffering Savior; I praise and glorify Thee with all my heart; I bless the infinite love which induced Thee to submit to that torturing wound, beseeching Thee, through its efficacy and through all the torments of Thy Passion, to have mercy on me, a sinner, to forgive my transgressions, and to strengthen me to follow the traces of Thy Cross, until happily united with Thee in a glorious eternity. Amen."

SAINT NOTHBURGA

I have been told that there is a Saint Nothburga, but I am unable to find out anything definite about her.—N. D., DENVER, COLO.

Saint Nothburga (sometimes spelled Notburga) was a pious servant girl who died on September 14, 1313. She was born at Rottenburg, Tyrol, in 1266. When about eighteen years of age she secured employment with a noble family with whom she remained for many years. While in their employ she

was remarkable for her fidelity to duty, her humility, habits of prayer, and charity towards the poor. After the death of her master, his widow forbade Nothburga to give the usual alms of what remained from the table. To make up for this deficiency the saintly girl contrived to forego her own meals in order to have something to give the poor. She was finally dismissed from the castle because the widow for some reason had taken a dislike to her. Nothburga found employment on a farm at Eben. Here she manifested the same traits of fidelity, humility, prayer and charity which had characterized her stay at the castle.

Henry, the son of her former master, had reason to regret her absence. The blessing of God seemed to depart with her. He begged her to return. Having asked and obtained leave from the farmer for whom she labored, Nothburga betook herself to the castle again. Here she lived until her death. When asked where she wished to be buried she replied: "In the place to which two oxen, without a driver, shall carry my body." After her death her strange wish was carried out. The casket was placed on an oxcart and the oxen allowed to go wither they pleased. They finally stopped in front of the chapel dedicated to St. Rupert, where she had spent many hours in prayer while in the service of the farmer at Eben.

PAULINE PRIVILEGE

(1) Please explain what is meant by the Pauline Privilege. (2) Is a Catholic ever permitted to marry a divorced person whose husband or wife is still living? (3) Is it possible for a Catholic to marry a person who was baptized a Catholic, but through no fault of his own was not brought up in the Faith, and who is now a Mason?—N. N.

(1) The Pauline Privilege has reference to the marriage of two unbaptized persons, one of whom is later on converted to the Christian religion, and the other party, upon formal interrogation, refuses to become converted to Christianity or to live in peace with the baptized party. The baptized party is allowed to marry a Catholic if the above conditions are fulfilled. The former marriage contracted while both parties were infidels is dissolved when the second marriage is contracted with a Catholic.

This Privilege holds only for marriages which have been contracted in infidelity—between two unbaptized persons. It is called the Pauline Privilege because it was promulgated by St. Paul by divine command in his letter to the Corinthians. (1 Cor. 7:12-15.)

The purpose of the privilege is the peace of mar-

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ried converts from infidelity. God does not will that they shall be made to suffer on account of their Faith. The converted married partner, in case his spouse refuses to live in peace or be converted with him, would be forced to separate and lead a life of forced celibacy. The use of this privilege is regulated by Canon Law.

(2) A Catholic is never permitted to marry one who has a lawful wife or husband living, except it be a case of the Pauline Privilege.

(3) Catholics are free to marry those who are not impeded from marriage. The Church forbids her children to marry bad Catholics, or Catholics who have never lived up to their religion, and those who belong to secret societies. But if the party is not already married, it is possible to obtain a dispensation from the bishop, provided there is a grave cause.

DOUBTFUL SINS

(1) *If a person committed mortal sins in his past life but is not sure whether or not he confessed them, must he tell them in confession?*—C. S., IRVINGTON, N. J. (2) *I confessed a sin during the mission which my confessor does not know of. Now I am worried whether I should tell him.* (3) *Please publish the prayer to the Holy Ghost for enlightenment.*—H. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

(1) There is no strict obligation to confess sins doubtfully confessed already. Mention to your confessor that you are worrying about this matter and follow his advice. (2) There is no obligation to do so. (3) Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle in them the fire of Thy love.

V. Send forth Thy Holy Spirit and they shall be created.

R. And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

Prayer. "O God, Who teachest the hearts of the faithful by the illumination of the Holy Ghost, give us to desire what is fitting in this same Holy Spirit and always to rejoice in His consolation. Who liveth and reigneth world without end. Amen."

VIGIL OF ASSUMPTION

A claims that the vigil of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is a day of fast and abstinence. B claims that it is not, because there was no fast this year. Who is right?—H. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A is right in regard to the vigil when it is not anticipated. B is right in regard to the vigil this year (1927). The reason why there was no fast and abstinence on the vigil this year is because the Canon Law dispenses with fast and abstinence when the vigils of holy days of obligation are anticipated. This year the vigil fell on Sunday; but as Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence, the vigil was anticipated on the preceding Saturday, August 13.

CLOTHES FOR THE NEEDY

Could you furnish me with the address of some priest in the flood area? I have gathered some clothing together which I would like to send down there before the cold weather sets in.—M. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send clothing to Rev. James E. Albert, St. Francis Church, Breau Bridge, La.

CARMELITE NUNS

Have the Carmelite Nuns a convent in Pittsburgh? If not, kindly tell me where the nearest convent of the order is located.—R. J., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Carmelite Nuns are not located in Pittsburgh. Their nearest convent is Pleasant Valley, Wheeling, W. Va.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Can you tell me of any Catholic hospital in New York or New Jersey where young ladies who have not completed their high school course may receive training in nursing?—M. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Communicate with the Mother Superior, St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J.

BINDING FORCE OF PLEDGE

I took a pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquor. Would it be sinful to me to take a drink once in a while, especially when I am feeling sick?—W. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Pledges to abstain from intoxicating beverages bind according to the intention of the person who makes them. That is, they bind for a definite period of time and under penalty of grave or light sin. Persons do not usually oblige themselves to keep the pledge under pain of mortal sin, although they are accustomed to observe it as though they did. Moreover, pledges against drink are not made absolutely. Therefore, when liquor is prescribed by a physician in grave sickness, the pledger can avail himself of this direction. But those who have taken pledges should use spirituous liquors only in very serious cases and as a last resort. There are plenty of other remedies at hand. The desire to drink often uses the plea of sickness as an excuse.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

Are the various editions of the Book of Common Prayer on the Index?—T. E. D., BALTIMORE, MD. Yes.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE INDISSOLUBLE

Can a married Protestant man, whose partner has not lived up to the marriage contract, get a divorce, become a Catholic and marry a Catholic girl?—W. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.

If both parties were baptized the marriage was a sacrament with the same qualities of unity and indissolubility as enjoyed by Catholic marriages.

NUPTIAL AND RING BLESSINGS

(1) *I lost my wedding ring. May I have another ring blessed?*—M. A. K., ORANGE, N. J. (2) *May a widow receive the nuptial blessing twice?*—S. P., SCRANTON, PA.

(1) Yes. (2) If the widow has received the nuptial blessing once she cannot receive it again.

PERSONAL ANSWERS

To J. S. Tell your confessor that you have been making bad confessions. He will help you to make a good, clean-up confession, and will prescribe remedies for the future. * * * To WORRIED. It is

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not a sin. * * * To. M. C. The prayer to St. Jude and directions for making a novena to him were printed in the August number of THE SIGN, page 30.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

We prayed that an operation on my father would not be necessary. I offered up a year's subscription to THE SIGN and said a prayer to Blessed Vincent Mary Strambi, C.P. Our prayers were heard.—M. F. G., DORCHESTER, MASS. * * * Please publish my gratitude to the Sacred Heart and St. Therese for a favor.—J. H. F., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y. * * * I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for a temporal benefit.—M. S., MATAWAN, N. J. * * * Please publish my thanksgiving to St. Therese for a favor.—M. B., LOWELL, MASS. * * * I thank the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother, St. Jude, St. Rita, and The Little Flower for helping us to rent our house and for many blessings on our home.—M. J. W., PHILA., PA. * * * Inclosed find \$10 to be sent to some foreign mission in thanksgiving for a favor received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus and also through the intercession of St. Anthony.—K. T. S., BOSTON, MASS. * * * Please publish my thanksgiving to the Holy Family, St. Jude, and Pope Pius X for many favors. They never fail me.—M. L., STEGER, ILL.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I commenced saying the prayer to St. Jude, and promised \$5 if my favor was granted. I received it. Please publish.—H. H., BROOKLINE, MASS. Please accept the inclosed in return for the favor of good health.—H. L. L., WASHINGTON, D. C. * * * I am sending \$5 in thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and St. Jude.—E. F. A. * * * Please publish my grateful thanks for success in a university examination.—S. M. B., CALABOGUE, ONTARIO. * * *

The following also wish to express public thanks to St. Jude: J. N. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; C. W., WILLIAMSPORT, PA.; E. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.; B. R. Jr., OPELOUSAS, LA.; M. G., GERMANTOWN, PA.; L. M. and M. E., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; G. G., HASBROUCK HEIGHTS, N. J.; A. C. B., UNION CITY, N. J.; R. J. B., PROVIDENCE, R. I.; E. M. F., BRONX, N. Y.; T. M., MONTVALE, N. J.; C. M., IRVINGTON, N. J.

Communications

THE CROWN OF THORNS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SIGN: I was very much interested in your account of the Crown of Thorns in the September SIGN.

Some years ago many patrons of Auriesville wanted to present a gold crown for a statue of the Blessed Virgin there. As it was a Pieta figure, we did not consider it appropriate to crown in the usual way. We, therefore, decided to have a Crown of Thorns made according to the researches of Ro-

hault de Fleury, precisely like the one in your illustration on page 106. There are about sixty-five thorns, and a ruby is set where each springs from the branch. So far as I know, it is the only crown of its kind, at least in the United States.

JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J.

COUNTERFEIT CATHOLICISM

NEW YORK, N. Y.

It seems to me that the monthly that permitted Grant Morgan to write his personal experiences of Episcopalian vagaries and published same might be easily stamped under the very title that captions the article. It is to me a very fine exemplification of counterfeit Catholicism. It is not in keeping with the charity that is so greatly and ably taught in Catholic circles. It is little wonder that when the Catholic Church is berated in Episcopalian press the entire machine of propagation is whipped into action until the lie is once proven and the falsifying reports hushed. This is as it should be. Yet an Episcopalian is given the privilege to vilify and abuse his own church in the Catholic press. The Catholic reader is—and it is his right to be—a very critical and discriminatory reader. He pays for the best and is entitled to it. Yet a man of the infamous and mischievous character that Grant Morgan professes himself to be and plainly shows in his writings is allowed to utilize valuable space in a national monthly, flaringly to flaunt before Catholic readers not actual facts but personal and highly distasteful opinions and fancies evolving perhaps the most Christian and Christ-like organization of the veil of the Catholic Church. It is evident to Grant Morgan that he is himself a counterfeit Episcopalian. He went to a Catholic priest to learn how to be a sensible Anglican. Suppose he were converted to the Catholic Church, could anyone keep him from going to the Quaker or some such to learn how to become and act as a Catholic should? His information regarding the vestments and ritual of the Anglican is, of course, to me a little enlightening. I must confess that this paraphernalia always escaped proper definition and it is little to me what the good men of the Anglican or the good men of the Catholic Churches wear when they say Mass. It seems to me that a magazine that allows the professed Catholic Anglican to be vilified in its press would not prevent its own church from receiving like treatment in its pages.—CLEMENT LEARY.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Mr. Grant Morgan, former Episcopalian minister, is now a Catholic layman. His strictures on Episcopalian imitation of the Catholic Church are deserved. This imitation by the High Church or Anglo-Catholic party is keeping many an honest soul out of the True Fold.

"THE QUALITY GROUP"

ROARING BROOK, PA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SIGN: Your August edition of THE SIGN contains, among much interesting and worthwhile matter, one especially timely and praiseworthy article. I have reference to your pungent and straight-from-the-shoulder editorial entitled "The Quality Group."

You deprecate the recent rise of this so-called

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Quality Group. You denounce them in fitting and unmistakable terms, and justly. Some of the writers and editors of this same group of journals who pose as the only true representatives of Modern Catholic Literature put so much emphasis on the words *modern* and *literature* that the word Catholic fades out of sight. They say that they are "high class!" They are so "high class" that they are undeniably "high brow," and at times so "high brow" as to be slightly "high hat."

A certain member of this self-styled Quality Group bemoans the fact that the Quality Group of secular magazines is decidedly on the down grade. Perhaps it never occurred to this individual to look at the mote in the eye of the Catholic Quality Group. Not so long ago a journal of this last mentioned select circle ran a series of articles on birth control, certain parts of which would have done credit to any of the numerous Bernarr MacFadden publications. Another of this exclusive set rather recently featured an article which was on the verge of down-right heresy. It would seem as if a germ had started to decay the fabric of the Catholic Quality Group. The "ultra" element in modern literature has given us Greenwich Village and the ranting of a Mencken. The same element in Catholic journalism gives us trash such as the above-mentioned.

Enough of this snobbery. Away with it and all wranglings and petty jealousies. They ill become any man in the field of Catholic letters. Let us have more of THE SIGN, which is in every truth a national Catholic magazine, a Catholic magazine which blends commonsense religion and Catholicism with every day topics and events in such a happy manner that all can read and appreciate—a magazine for the ordinary Catholic man and woman. Give us more articles such as those written by Enid Dinnis. Let us have more of the Appeal of Jesus Crucified, which must pierce the heart of every reader. This is what the great Catholic American public wants. This is what they get from THE SIGN. They do not get it from the stilted editorials and philosophical articles of the Quality Group.—MICHAEL FABYAN.

RELIGION ON A BUDGET

PITTSBURGH, PA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SIGN: It was way back in the days when ladies wore immense flower laden hats that an old Jesuit missionary startled us by saying: "Go home and count up how much you gave God last year and you will find that it does not equal what you paid for your big ugly hats in the same length of time." I started out to prove him wrong, but was amazed to find how little I really had given to my church.

Our family had always considered ourselves generous, and how we did hate to hear our priest "talk money," especially if a non-Catholic accompanied us. My figures showed, however, that it was our mother with her many other burdens who was generous, not we children with never a soul dependent upon us.

So gradually I began to give a little more and found it no great hardship. A non-Catholic companion, a girl whose salary I knew was less than mine, cheerfully set aside a tenth of her income each month for church and charity. Could a Catholic do less? I followed her example, and found that

it was a real joy to have a little almschest to go to when the need arose. A strange thing, too, was the fact that though I have less than average ability, my earnings now are about nine times what I first received.

One day when reading a Catholic journal I noticed a letter from a reader objecting to Catholics giving little sums often. "How much better," he said, "to wait until you have more to give, since each gift, however small, must be acknowledged, and this takes someone's time and money." Better still, I thought, would be for each of us to budget the amount we could afford to give each year; to one's own church, to home missions, to foreign missions, for masses and for charities. In this way the organizations that flood the mails with appeals would fare no better than those that send only annual appeals. I found that this plans works. Sometimes I had to harden my heart, but if I found that I could not resist certain appeals I could not borrow from other causes, but must make some personal sacrifice. It can be arranged to pay some contribution each month and thus spread the amount over the whole year.

If such a scheme worked out with a small income like mine, how much easier and more worthwhile would it be for larger sums? Many of us now have pledge cards for our parish church. Can we not go a little farther and include the whole Church? I feel that anyone who gives a budget plan a fair trial will never go back to the old haphazard way of giving when the spirit moves him; he may modify it from year to year, but, as long as the Giver keeps giving to him, will keep up in some systematic way. Is it not always much more pleasant to give than to withhold? Does it lessen charity to be businesslike?—A. P.

INTELLECTUALLY LAZY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SIGN: I note a letter in the September issue of THE SIGN asking, not for a curtailment of the SIGN Post, but rather an extension. After reading the letters which you published in that issue, I am more than ever convinced that you should cut down the space allotted to Questions and Answers. The letters were interesting. I always like to read the expression of opinion on the part of readers, principally because I think that the average Catholic seems to have no opinions of his own (at least fit to print) and when I do see opinions expressed by Catholics I am glad to read them.

I think that Questions and Answers in Catholic magazines do very little good. I am judging, of course, from the amount of ignorance of the Catholic Faith shown by those who read these magazines. They read and read, and still are ignorant. Besides, there are many sources of information on things Catholic where Catholics of ordinary intelligence can easily obtain information. The trouble with Catholics is that they are intellectually lazy. Instead of taking the trouble to look up things and thus add to their meagre store of knowledge, they write to magazines and ask questions (some very foolish) and after reading the answers forget what they read. This is shown on many occasions. So I say what your magazine lacks is more bright, original comment from alert readers.—VICTOR LYONS.

Mixed Motives

In the Lighting of Votive Candles

AFTER a busy day searching for a stray sheep in the slums and other places, Father Gregan dropped into the church, on his way home, to finish the Divine Office, so that he could sit down to dinner without a debt on his conscience. Further postponement would be dangerous in his case. Being the junior curate in the presbytery, ever ready to attend calls, in season and out of season, he was kept pretty much on the run.

The little time he had at home was usually spent in the reception-room, listening to tales of woe, true and false, and dispensing consolation—with now and then a half-a-crown thrown in, by way of condiment. Probably several needy clients were lying in wait around the presbytery all that day. So, to be on the safe side, he took cover in the church, which, he knew, would be practically deserted about that hour; the erratic, four-faced clock in the tower indicated 5:30, and once, for a wonder, it was fairly correct.

Entering the left aisle, he knelt in his favorite spot, beside the little, plain window, which alone had been left undisturbed by donors of stained glass, and allowed to serve its original purpose of admitting the undyed daylight. Just then, a faint ray of March sunshine struggled through the tiny, diamond panes, as if attracted by the gilt edging of the young priest's breviary. In a moment it was gone, pursued by an angry, dark cloud. No longer able to decipher the small print, Father Gregan was obliged to move higher up, towards the shrine of the Sacred Heart, where a poor woman, dressed in a faded Paisley shawl and crumpled bonnet, was in the act of lighting two votive candles. When she recognized the priest, she rose hurriedly and retired a few paces, whispering just loud enough to be heard: "God bless you, Father."

In her haste to make room for the curate, the old woman let fall some small change on the tiled floor, and apparently had some difficulty in recovering it. She groped among the pews and rummaged in her market basket with many groanings and ejaculations.

Under the circumstances, Father Gregan felt bound to give some help. To join in the search, however, would be rather undignified. He handed her one of the candles, and expressed the

By MARK O'BYRNE, C. C.

hope that she might find the missing coin—to wit, a hard-earned florin. Whether she did or not, eventually, he could not say for certain. More probably she did; for soon after she repacked her basket and quietly took her departure.

But distractions, like crosses, seldom come alone. Father Gregan was making a third heroic effort to recite Vespers, attentively and devoutly, when Mat Taylor, the efficient but notoriously ill-humored sacristan, arrived to ring the Angelus. Before doing so, however, he found it necessary to remonstrate with some person—not unlikely an importunate, pious female—down about the porch of the church. At first his voice was subdued, albeit menacing, and suggestive of one speaking under great provocation; then it increased in pitch and volume, but phrasing defective, as musical critics would say; in the end both voice and vocabulary became—in the curate's estimation, at any rate—offensive to pious ears.

Rising from his knees, and stepping from behind the granite column, which till then had concealed him from the sacristan's view, Father Gregan appealed for silence and reverence in the House of God. Immediately the disturbance ceased. And reopening his breviary, he proceeded to read the concluding canticle of Compline, *Nunc dimittis servum tuum in pace.* (Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant in peace.)

ALAS! his prayer was not granted. Whatever was her motive, the heroine, who had but a moment before incurred the wrath of the sacristan, advanced boldly towards the shrine, and, begging the priest's pardon for intruding, started to light not two, but twenty-two additional candles. Father Gregan could scarcely be blamed for scowling at her. Still, he would certainly have checked the wrinkles had he recognized in time his old friend in the Paisley shawl and crumpled bonnet. Evidently she had returned fearing her first votive offering might not light him through to the end of the Divine Office. He was in admiration of her kind thoughtfulness, her genuine piety, and her exceeding generosity.

"Thank you very much," he said in all sincerity. "But really you are going to unnecessary trouble and expense on my account. I am leaving the church presently."

RETENDING not to hear him, she kept piling on the candles. Having fulfilled her charitable errand, she again retreated—this time for good, and with surprising swiftness.

What a touching incident! reflected the tender-hearted young priest; and how cruel of the sacristan to rebuke her in such disgraceful fashion! Should he report Mat Taylor's conduct to the parish priest at dinner? Or, better still, could he not take it upon himself to demand of the sacristan, there and then, some explanation and apology? This latter course was the more lenient, and, perhaps, the more prudent.

Screwing up his courage, he passed brusquely into the vestry, where he found Mat, busy preparing vestments for the morning—too busy, in fact, to pay any heed to a stripling curate, not a twelve-month ordained.

"What was the meaning of your unseemly language in the church this evening?" demanded Father Gregan, feigning as best he could the tone of one with supreme jurisdiction.

"Any other kind of language would be lost on the likes of Mrs. Brady," Mat replied sullenly, forcing back a drawer of the vestment-case with a bang.

"But you need not have spoken so loudly as to distract everyone in the church," said the curate.

"She's hard on the hearing, Father. Do you know her at all? That same woman gives me more trouble than the rest of the parish, mindin' everybody's business except her own, and always looking for something or other—especially news," was Mat's sweeping countercharge.

"What I know of her is greatly to her credit," Father Gregan made answer.

"You're the first I ever heard sayin' it," Mat observed dubiously.

"I must say it," returned Father Gregan with emphasis. "Mrs. Brady may have her faults, but at heart she must certainly be good-natured and extraordinarily devoted to the clergy, as proved by her kindness towards me this evening. No lady could have been more thoughtful and obliging."

"What did she do, may I ask?" inquired the sacristan pityingly; already convinced that the harmless young curate was the victim of some confidence trick.

Father Gregan narrated in vivid style his unique experience while reciting the Divine Office at the shrine of the Sacred Heart.

"Yes—yes—I understand," put in Mat, here and there, like punctuation marks, as the story proceeded.

"And yet, after all her goodness," concluded

Father Gregan, "you turned on her and denounced her as if she were a public sinner."

"Musha, God grant you sense, Father," Mat sighed, his gray head nodding in sympathy. Then, after a dramatic pause, he asked, in a paternal tone of voice: "What put it into your mind that miserly Mrs. Brady was lighting twenty-two candles for your benefit?"

"Oh—taking everything into account—what else could I think?"

"Well, you're sadly mistaken. 'Twas to spite me and get her own back off me she did it—the clever villain," said Mat venomously.

"How could that be?" demanded the priest, completely outwitted.

"I'll tell you, Father, in a couple of words. What started the whole variance between herself and meself was because I refused to open the offerings box and give her a two-shilling-piece, which, according to her own story, she dropped into it by mistake. Wasn't I right, Father? If I dared do such a thing, why, I would see the door wud women in shawls begging back money they never lost. I told Mrs. Brady to lave it so, and God wouldn't see her short. But she wasn't said be me, it seems. No, back she should go, the *angashore*, and get full value for her money, and get even with me. Dear—oh, dear—the meanness of some people bates out."

"I see—I see," was all that Father Gregan could say. And he edged for the door, on the plea that it was after the dinner hour.

"The longer you live in this parish, the more you'll know, Father," was Mat's wise comment.

The Ruin

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

On frosty nights the chink of Armour sounds
Beneath this tower, or so the legends say,
And from this slit-eyed window Beauty peeps,

On windy dawns a baying of such hounds
As never brought a breathing deer to bay
Echoes among the trees, while the world sleeps.

Such legends have graced many a castle site,
But something holier this ruin haunts,
Something the hurrying winds can never pass,

It is declared that every Christmas night
Out of the ruined chapel rise the chants
Of the Black Brothers at their midnight Mass.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for October, 1927)

THE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity for this month is still "Our Lay Apostolate." During the past few months we have been speaking about the three general steps to be taken in attracting souls into the Church. Winning someone to ourselves by charity, winning him to the idea that God wants us to be good in His way, and finally converting him to the belief that God teaches His way through the Catholic Church are the three necessary steps. We have discussed the first two; but we shall leave the third for next month, as we wish to publish now some very interesting letters which we have received concerning the work of trying to win converts to the Faith.

Last month one of our readers berated us for our "insane yawping about getting converts," and pleaded for tolerance as absolutely essential for peace. Some of our readers reply for us.

PLAIN DUTY OF CATHOLICS

ARCHCONFRATERNITY DIRECTOR:

The tolerance which your critic of last month would have all Catholics practice can be based only upon false shame, or cowardice, or selfish laziness. Surely it is not founded on the words of Christ, "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." . . . "Go into the highways and byways and compel them to come in." If the truth is not broadcast by us, by whom can we hope that it will be? We Catholics alone have it to give. Truth can never be tolerant of error, any more than God can be tolerant of evil. And, while loving people who are in error, we must try to oppose that error which is leading these people ever further from God, just as God, while loving the sinner, must oppose the sin that is leading the soul further and further from Him.—HOBOKEN.

TWO OBJECTIONS NEGATED

ARCHCONFRATERNITY DIRECTOR:

Would not a Lay Apostolate do more harm than good by stirring up old flames of bigotry? Is not tolerance the best—especially here, in America?

No, to both questions. If a man has a reason for sticking to old ideas and ideals, he should not hesitate to do his best to force those ideas and ideals back into the minds of people or to train the young to accept and adopt them, just because some high-brow may say he is reactionary, and, in the controversy, bitterness may arise. That bitterness may be overcome by the sweetness which flows from conviction; and besides, the bitterness itself tends to train the trainer to seek out arguments which will slide into the consciousness of a resentful one, in-

stead of *thrusting* in. Thus, two ends may be accomplished—the education of the teacher as well as the taught.

As to the second question, tolerance, the kind of which you speak, is first cousin to cowardice. I do not mean that "to tolerate" means "to bear" or "to bear with," which is the ordinary meaning of the word; but I do mean that tolerance, which means that the other fellow is entitled to his opinion, unchallenged, and that one line of thought is as good as another.

There cannot be two "right" ways of thought in matters of morals, though there might be two right ways of solving the "pons asinorum." Therefore, if one firmly believes himself right, he should not hesitate, for expediency's sake, to say as much to his friend; for, surely, the best is none too good for his friend. If, for example, he were convinced that a certain policy of State, while indicating present benefit to the people, was capable of future injury in the hands of vicious men who might succeed to government, it would be reprehensible for him to refrain from exploiting the views just because it might engender some heated argument or meet with bigotry. Take the birth control situation, for illustration. We cannot stand by and "tolerate" this, can we?

You are right in saying that we do not get converts, because we do not "go after them." We are wasting our opportunities most pitifully.—BROOKLYN.

Another reader pleads for less active working in trying to "get converts."

PRAYER AND PERSONAL EXAMPLE

ARCHCONFRATERNITY DIRECTOR:

I will not deny that the problem of how the individual layman can be of service in making converts has at times presented itself to me; but I must confess that I have little trust in the efficacy of a lay apostolate movement as I understand the project.

It seems to me that most of the discussion on religious topics, that comes to my notice, pertains to doctrine, technicalities of canon law, authority of the clergy, disputed points in history and other details that need the attention of an expert. May we not call them the excrescences of our religion? All these items may be very interesting, and I suppose that some tortured souls are convinced by the arguments proffered. But one who becomes a convert by conviction only, and not by faith, has not accomplished much. I have known such Catholics. The best informed man on Catholic doctrine whom I ever knew was a former Episcopalian divinity student who became a Catholic through conviction. After a few years, however, he turned agnostic simply through pride and lack of faith. He remains still an upright, honorable, moral man; but his mind is beset with technicalities and doubts instead of being at peace in simple Faith.

How, then, can one impart Faith in Christ? That is the question. Is not the answer, "by leading a

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simple life oneself in keeping with Catholic teaching." It seems as though one who professes Catholicity should reflect it in his daily life among his associates, rather than try to expound it orally. I believe also that it is more convincing.

Perhaps it would be well to do a little intensive work among our own parishioners and strengthen the Faith of those who may be wavering. I do not consider that one who simply fulfills the minimum obligations of his religion by reluctantly attending Mass on Sunday, and who goes tardily to Communion once in the year, is a good example.

Catholics who dwell in the large cities have numerous opportunities for special devotion that are not available to those living in the small towns.

If the lay apostolate in the latter places could impinge its momentum on an individual pastor, and induce him to have a mission once a year, they would then have a chance to bring their friends under the potent influence of an experienced, trained worker. Most conversions that have come to my notice were instigated in this way. Certainly in this, as in any line of endeavor, skill is a great asset.

Also, if the lay apostolate would contrive to announce some of the novenas which enrich our religious life, perhaps more people would be moved to attend these special devotions and would experience the amazing benefits of prayer.

As to the advisability of preaching in the streets—I cannot at all conceive its being done with benefit in my home town. Even the Salvation Army has discontinued the practice here.

In fine, I think that most effective work may be done through the regular channels of the Church. However, I am open to conviction, and look forward with interest to see what others may say about the matter.—A SMALL-TOWN CATHOLIC.

FAITH—A GIFT TO BE ASKED FOR

ARCHCONFRATERNITY DIRECTOR:

I am very much interested in your highly illuminating articles aiming to prepare your Archconfraternity members and THE SIGN readers for work in a Lay Apostolate Movement.

After deliberating upon the various manners of approaching men and women, and possible ways and means of convincing them of the Truths of our Holy Faith, I have become firmly convinced that it is a matter that requires extensive preparation in the form of prayer.

I might talk during endless days and never be able to give Faith to a single human being—because that is a *gift from God*. How, therefore, get this gift from God for my friend? *Ask for it*. How simple! Why worry or fret? Leave the ways and means to God.

Can you not band together a large number of men and women who will pledge themselves to pray with great earnestness, to stand firmly together, supporting one another spiritually? Not to enter into the thing lightly, but with great intensity; to pray with much fervor.

Were you to get a hundred persons to pledge this support to the Lay Apostolate Movement, to "storm heaven," as it were—we *must* believe that He, whose great desire it is that the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ be not shed in vain, will be merciful,

and let fall from heaven that illuminating grace that will open eyes blinded by years of prejudice and misunderstanding.

In such a noble work undertaken for His glory, our foundation must be sure, or our structure will topple and fall. There is no greater foundation than prayer upon which to rear the mighty columns of Faith. Just as every temple erected in the past has been done so at the cost of sweat and with the expenditure of much energy and toil—just so this monument to the Precious Blood—a Harvest of Souls—calls for the sacrifice of time and strength in prayer.

Will you make this plea for *pray-ers*? After such importuning, God will surely make the way clear for those who are striving to win others to the Faith.—E. A.

A JUSTIFIED COMPLAINT

ARCHCONFRATERNITY DIRECTOR:

I was preparing to wrap up an old copy of THE SIGN and send it to an acquaintance, when I noticed on Page 620, of the May issue, you say under paragraph No. 4: "Protestantism gives us a Church without Christ, a religion centered not around Him, but around a preacher, or a social service. For Protestantism, as far as this world is concerned, Christ is dead."

I do not like to run counter to you; but the above statement is not true. You are forgetting that Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Seventh Day Adventists, and a few others, comprise a very large portion of Protestants; and Christ is not "dead" to them. While they do not have Him in the Blessed Sacrament, they have *Him in their hearts*, as is attested by their lives. These Protestants in question live lives as holy as we do, some more so, and Christ is the animating principle of their lives. How many have gone into the foreign field for love of Him, and the moneys given for that purpose have been given "till it hurt" for love of Him. The only reason I mention this is because I know that if this article would fall into the hands of a non-Catholic, it would do more harm than good, because it is not truth.—E. M.

SLOWLY BUT EVENTUALLY

ARCHCONFRATERNITY DIRECTOR:

I firmly believe that the Lay Apostolate in America would be productive of endless good. The work would be slow, and possibly those working the very hardest for its success might never see the fruition of their best efforts. But such a noble work undertaken for the glory of God, with a great love for Jesus Christ, and a burning zeal for the saving of souls—could never come to naught. We must work as though all depended upon us, but pray as though all depended upon God, and then, with childlike simplicity, leave the outcome to Him. *But O, some Catholics are so satisfied to do so little for God.*

If we plant the seed as God gives us opportunity, He will provide the increase. Hillaire Belloc said, "The Truth once heard will never be forgotten." This should inspire us with great hope while we work, even though we may not see the fruit of our efforts.—A SUBSCRIBER.

The Lord's Supper

No. 5 in *The Passing of Puritanism*

A FAMOUS humorist has told us how, on one occasion, he rose early, as he imagined, to watch the sunrise. But he had overslept himself and the spectacle of gilded clouds which he took for the dawn proved to be the sunset. The glowing orb on which his eyes were fixed, instead of rising higher in the sky, sank slowly beneath the horizon. Not a few people have made a similar mistake in the sphere of religion.

Finding a certain sacred beauty in Protestant worship they have supposed that it gave evidence of a glorious future. Their experience on some moving occasion when hymns and prayers have stirred them deeply has led them to imagine that the maimed rites in which they had taken part would one day prevail throughout the world. What they have really beheld has been the afterglow of Catholicism, the lingering grandeur of a Faith that has sunk beneath their horizon. Especially has this been the case with regard to the commemoration of the Last Supper.

The scene presented by this service, as I recall it, is simple in the extreme. The major part of the congregation has withdrawn after the usual evening service and the elect, consisting mainly of the older folk, have drawn together in the front pews of the chapel. Echoes of the sermon which has been preached and of the hymns sung linger in their ears, and they are plainly in a subdued and reverent mood. Participation in this rite is the special privilege of church members and the dispersal of the "unsaved" emphasizes their exalted status and reminds them of the grace that has guaranteed them their personal salvation and predestined them to an eternity of bliss. The very infrequency of the occasion adds further to its solemnity, for it is only once a month that they gather together in this fashion.

And now the minister takes his place behind the table placed beneath the overshadowing pulpit. On either side of him are two deacons, elders of the Church, and to their hands, after hymn and prayer, scripture reading and perhaps a brief address, are consigned the salvers containing little squares of bread and the cups into which has been poured the unfermented wine used at these times for distribution among the communicants. There has of course been no act

By STANLEY B. JAMES of consecration; the ritual is no more than that of a memorial

meal. Nevertheless, as each member receives the bread and wine and passes it to his neighbor, bowing his head thereafter for a brief space in prayer, one is conscious of an impressive seriousness. A collection "for the poor" and another hymn conclude the proceedings. However inadequate may be the theory underlying this act of worship, the traditional reverence with which it is performed carries on at least something of the solemnity of the Catholic Mass. The persistence of Catholic belief is still more evident in the hymns used. The afterglow in some of the verses I have noted in an old book lying by my side is almost brilliant.

Philip Doddridge, for instance, wrote:

Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that Heavenly food.

And Isaac Watts permits himself to sing:

At Thy command, our dearest Lord
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

Equally explicit are these lines:

Behold! the Eternal King and Priest
Brings forth for me the bread and wine;
Himself the Master of the feast,
His flesh and blood the food divine!

THEORIES might declare that the bread was bread and the wine only wine but traditional sentiment enshrined in such verses implied much more, though what it implied these old-fashioned Puritans would have found it difficult to declare.

It was the sentiment rather than the theory which impressed my mind and heart when, as a boy, I first joined the company of the elect and was allowed to sit with my elders at the "sacred feast." If I mistook the ruddy glow in the sky for evidences of a sunrise rather than the tokens of sunset, there were extenuating circumstances.

But as the years passed it became all too obvious that the source of that radiance had sunk beneath the horizon. Sentiment cannot survive without doctrine. It became noticeable that the younger generation, sons and daughters of those who had sung these hymns, looked at the matter in a different way. Their celebrations of the monthly

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rite lacked the mystic warmth of former days. A light had faded out of the sky. Presence at the Lord's Supper was no longer obligatory upon members. Several systematically absented themselves. To the rest it was plainly no more than a piece of ritual. And even the form of the ritual underwent change.

There was a great deal to be said for the change. Hygienic reasons dictated it. People sensitive on such matters declared that for a number of persons to drink from the same cup was improper; some of them even said that it was disgusting. Therefore, the custom was adopted in an increasing number of cases of substituting, for the old-fashioned chalice, a number of individual communion cups each containing a thimbleful of wine. These were carried round to the communicants in their pews on a tray. At a sign from the presiding minister they were lifted to the lips together and then replaced on the ledge of the pew to be collected afterwards. Certainly it was more cleanly. Yet, somehow, the rite was never quite the same afterwards.

Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness but

there are times when it seems to be regarded as a substitute. There is no necessary conflict between sanitary caution and religious reverence, yet it is hard to avoid the impression sometimes that an undue regard for the former indicates a decline of the latter. It is something more than prejudice which makes me think that the service at the crematorium fails to convey the impression of Christian Faith which similar words at the graveside have carried. Similarly this cautious hygienic innovation deprived "the Lord's Supper" of its last claim on my affectionate observance. The light I had observed was clearly seen to be that of a setting sun. The Coming Day would not be heralded in that quarter, however long one waited. Thus it came to pass that, seeking the reality of which this afterglow had been the departing evidence, I turned me from the West to the East and there beheld the Church of God, the Mother of Mysteries, lift above the horizon of the world the body of Our Lord. In the effulgence of this risen sun how dim appears now the light of that eventide I once mistook for the dawn!



ST. LUKE (OCT. 18) REPRESENTED BY E. STEINLE AS PAINTING THE MADONNA AND CHILD

Old Bells Re-Jangled

Some Historical Notes on Ireland's Prayerful Age

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

*"There was a green branch hung with many a bell,
When her own people ruled in war-worn Eire,
And from its murmuring greenness calm of faery,
A druid kindness on all hearers fell."*

WHEN the king ascended the throne, at the beginning of the great *Feis*, or convention of Tara, to which all the provincial chieftains and representatives of the learned professions were bidden, a *craobh ceoil*, or little green leafy branch, on which were suspended a number of diminutive bells, was shaken to command silence.

This bell branch figures largely in many of the old Sagas and in romantic Gaelic literature generally.

The Gaelic word for a bell is *clog*, a word not so very far removed from the English word clock, and bells of many kinds were in use for varied purposes in pagan and early Christian Ireland.

Many of these old bells, with their exquisitely wrought shrines in gold and enamel, silver and precious stones, are housed in the National Museum of Dublin.

In the "Tripartite Life" of Saint Patrick we are told that the saint had in his household three smiths, Macecht, Leabhan and Fortchern, whose chief occupation was the making of bells, croziers, chalices and church furniture.

How busy these artificers in metal were kept making bells for the good saint may be judged from the fact that it was his custom whenever he left one of his disciples in charge of a church to give him a bell, and it is recorded that on the churches of the province of Connacht alone he bestowed fifty bells.

St. Patrick's bell, which is more than fourteen hundred years old, is the oldest of all the bells in the National Museum. It is of hammered iron, and is in height six and a half inches. It is known as the "Bell of the Will," and is much written of in the lives of the saint. This is the actual *Bernan Phadraic* which the saint used when he drove the demons from the summit of Croagh Phadraic, in Connemara.

The bell is covered by a beautiful and costly shrine, which was made for its protection by order of Donal O'Lochlan, King of Ireland, who died in the year 1121. This exquisite piece of

Irish art, with the king's name and the names of three others inscribed on it, is also preserved in the Dublin Museum.

About the ninth century, the Irish metal workers began to make bells wholly of cast bronze. A splendid specimen of this class, known as "Mac Aillelo's Bell," is also preserved.

A beautiful custom is perpetuated in a Gaelic inscription on the bell which asks "A prayer for Cummascach Mac Aillelo," for whom the bell was made. This Cummascach (English, Cum-misky) was house-steward of the monastery of Armagh, and died in the year 908.

For many years, as is well known, there was much discussion and speculation as to the origin and the use of the Irish Round Towers. It is now generally conceded, thanks to the erudition and research of the great Gaelic scholars, O'Donovan, Petrie and O'Curry, that they are of Christian origin, and were always built in connection with ecclesiastical establishments. They were used for a two-fold purpose, as bell towers and as keeps, to which the inmates of the monasteries could fly with their precious treasures, their books, shrines, croziers, relics and vestments in case of sudden raids.

THE RAVAGES of the Danes, it appears, called for the erection of the round towers, which began to be built early in the ninth century. About eighty of these bell towers still remain standing, but they are not, as is generally supposed, peculiar to Ireland. They are found also in Bavaria, Italy, Switzerland and Scotland.

In Ireland, as in many other countries, bells were hung around the necks of sheep and cattle, as an aid to herding, and so carefully was the custom guarded, that a law was laid down inflicting a fine for the removal of a bell.

In the "Martyrology of Donegal" it is stated that Saint Dega of Inis-keen in Louth, who was chief artist to Saint Kiernan of Seirkernan, in the sixth century, made 150 bells, 150 croziers, and also leather cases or covers, for sixty Gospel Books, or books containing the Four Gospels.

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There was a noted school of metal workers in Kildare (Cill-dara) near the convent of Saint Bree-id or Bride (in the Gaelic language there is no such name as Brigid) which was presided over by Kildare's first bishop, Saint Conleth, who was himself a most skilful artist.

These workers and craftsmen were often people of very high rank. One of Saint Patrick's three smiths was a Prince Fortchern, the son of Laogaire (Leary), High King of Ireland. Young persons learned the arts and trades by being apprenticed to these great artists, and during the term of their apprenticeship usually lived in the houses of their masters.

In Manus O'Donnell's Life of Colm Cille, compiled in the year 1532, he tells how "some of the holy jewels of Saint Padraic were in a certain place hidden below the ground for three score years after his death." The names thereof be the Bell of the Testament (this is the "Bell of the Will," now in the Dublin Museum), the Goblet, and the Angel's Gospel. This thing the angel revealed to Colm Cille, and he let lift them out, and this is the charge that angel gave, touching the distributing thereof, to wit: "The Bell of the Testament to be given to Armagh and the Goblet to Dun-da-Lethglas (now Downpatrick), and the Angel's Gospel to Colm Cille, and for this it is called the Angel's Gospel, because it is from the hand of the angel himself that Colm Cille received it."

MANUS O'DONNELL's Life of the saint also tells the naïve story of the cursing of Conall Mac Aed with bell and book and the lighting of candles, because this same Conall (son of Airmire, the High King), a usurper and half-brother to the rightful heir, stirred up the rabble and the evil folk of his household against Colm Cille and his clerics. And they took to pelting them with stones and sods of earth so that they felled many of the saint's company. And the rabble gave a great shout as they struck them down.

Colm Cille, who was blindfolded according to the terms of his banishment that he might never again look on Erin, thereat did inquire of his folk: "Who is it that doth hoot and jeer at us, or who of the men of Erin doth us this dishonor?" And he was told that it was Conall MacAed, son of Airmire, that is to say, son of the King of Erin. Then it was that Colm Cille cursed Conall, and he bade his household strike their bells and their little bells all together, cursing Conall, and it was then the saint made this quatrain:

"Strike ye your bells against Conall,
That hath done against us injustice,
That he be a fool, not a king,
That his strength may turn into weakness."

And for this ever after he was called Conall of the Bells.

ONE OF the most valued treasurers preserved in Dublin's Treasure House is the "Clog an Oir," Bell of Gold, or the Bell Shrine of Saint Senan. It has a most interesting history. From the old lives of Saint Senan, one of which was attributed to his successor, Ordan, and which was edited about the beginning of the fourteenth century, we learn that the saint received the bell from heaven, whence it descended, ringing loudly, on a hill north of Kilrush in the County of Clare, at the cross between Kildimo and Farighy.

This bell-shrine passed into the possession of the O'Cahane family, and remained in their custody until 1730, when it became the property of a certain Robert Keane, of Ballyroe. Tradition has many curious and interesting stories about the shrine, and a belief grew up that it avenged any oath taken upon it in falsehood by striking with convulsions and death, or at least with disfigurement and distortion of face the daring purjurer.

In 1854, a tenant farmer had his house broken into and robbed of twenty pounds. He applied to the Keane family of Ballyroe for the shrine, as he suspected the robbery to have been committed by some persons in the neighborhood. It was brought with great ceremony to his house, and after Mass on the following Sunday was the time for the whole parish to assemble to clear themselves from suspicion upon the Bell-shrine.

On the Saturday night preceding this ordeal, the farmer was frightened by hearing a crash at the window, which was broken in. He apprehended that his days were numbered, but after waiting some time in great fear all became quiet. On lighting a candle to see what had occurred, he found to his great amazement that his twenty pounds—even the identical notes tied with the same string—had been thrust through the broken pane and were on the floor.

And so, I have struck my Bell-Branch, hung with many a bell, to bring you back, perhaps from out a busy hour, to silence with their "Honeyed ringing under the new skies," silence in which a thought may find its way through the maze of cares and frets back to Ireland's storied and prayerful age of Golden Faith and Golden Bells.

Watching Christ

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

EVERYWHERE the Gospels testify to the personal attractiveness of Jesus. The Divinity within Him was a magnet that drew all eyes to gaze upon the beauty of His countenance. Holy Simeon, after a long life of eager watchfulness, was rapt into ecstasy because his eyes had seen the Salvation of God. One look at the Infant in the Crib was sufficient to convince the shepherds of the truth of the angels' message "And seeing they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child." (LUKE, 2:17.) When John the Baptist saw Jesus coming to Him he recognized Him instantly and exclaimed: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world." (JOHN, 1:29.) When Jesus appeared for the first time in the synagogue at Nazareth and read the Holy Scriptures, He completely absorbed their attention. "And the eyes of all in the synagogue were fixed in Him." (LUKE, 4:20.) One day, when He was walking through Jericho, Zachaeus, chief of the publicans and a rich man, forgetful of his dignity climbed into a sycamore tree that he might see Jesus. (LUKE, 19:14.)

His beauty and attractiveness are everywhere proclaimed in the Holy Gospels, but what brings this fact before us most vividly is the conduct of Mary Magdalen. She is never depicted but at the feet of Jesus listening to His Divine words and looking with rapt attention upon His holy face. Jesus Himself vindicated her conduct, when at the complaint of Martha, He pronounced her enduring praise: "Mary hath chosen the best part which shall not be taken away from her." (LUKE, 10:42.) The many things of earth that absorbed the troubled attention of Martha will pass away when the earth is folded up as a garment. Medicine ceases at the grave. Astronomy fades when the stars fall from heaven. Geology melts with the rocks on the last dread day; the naturalist must feel the earth slip through his fingers. Even moral theology ceases its inquisition when the hydra-headed monster, sin, is no more, and dogma needs not its formulas when truth appears divinely simple; but the face of Jesus that held the gaze is eternal and it shall not be taken from her.

This may appear obvious to those who know

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

that the prophets foretold that He was to be the most beautiful among the sons of Men. Yet, it was during His Sacred Passion, when He appeared, "as it were, a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted," that He exercised the greatest attraction for men and the greatest influence over their minds and hearts. St. Matthew tells us that even the soldiers, who had so cruelly mistreated Him, "sat and watched Him." (MATT. 27:36.) His words bring to mind the touching prophecy of Zacharias: "And they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced: and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for an only son and they shall grieve over Him as the manner is to grieve for the death of the first born." (Zach. 12:10.)

THUS WE FIND on Calvary at the foot of the Cross a group that watched Jesus with feelings that varied according to their relations to Him. Foremost among them was His own Mother, watching Him through a mist of tears, noting every pain and humiliation that made Him the very Man of Sorrows.

She saw deeply, more profoundly than any other human ever will, into the mystery of His Passion. She knew herself to be the recipient of its most precious fruits. His wounds, His woes, His sorrows were but the slow and painful payment for her matchless privileges—her Immaculate Conception, her spotless Virginity, her sublime Maternity. No heart ever beat with the exalted sentiments of gratitude that stirred the most pure Heart of Mary at that moment. Counting each wound, measuring each drop of blood, she sought some way of rendering thanks and she sought in vain. She already belonged to Him, she was totally and absolutely His. Nor could she ease the pains that He suffered, for she was still the handmaid of the Lord, obedient to His will. Only when the voice of Jesus broke the silence, were her anxious thoughts calmed. "Woman," He said, "behold thy son!" Here was proposed to her work of gratitude, a labor of love—to be a Mother to all the sinful sons of men, to surround with care, to cherish with love, to protect faithfully, to deal mercifully with, the precious souls redeemed with the same blood that was the price of all her own joys and glories. From watching Jesus on the Cross,

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Mary accepted with joy and gratitude the office of being the Mother of men.

WITH her on Calvary was John, the beloved disciple. He, too, watched Jesus and beheld with sentiments of grateful love the wounds that were the cost of His vocation. To follow Jesus, to be His priest, His apostle—what a privilege! Not all can take this word but such as are called by God as Aaron was. He remembered one upon whom Jesus had looked with eyes of tenderest love, to whom was given the same sweet invitation, who might even have supplanted himself in the affection of the Sacred Heart but who turned away sad. There were others, too, who "went back and walked no more with Him." And here was he, John, privileged beyond all the other Apostles to be the disciple whom Jesus loved, to be present at His death, to receive His Mother as his own. The personal love of Jesus for him became so embedded in His mind, so inflamed his heart that he spent the rest of his long life in preaching it to others. "In this," he says, "we have known the charity of God because He hath laid down His life for us." (JOHN, 3:16.) This is the reason, he insists, why we should love God and love also the brethren. It is impossible to read the first few verses of his first Epistle and not realize that he stood on Calvary watching Jesus. "We have seen with our eyes—we have looked upon—the word of life. For the life was manifested; and we have seen and do bear witness—that which we have seen and have heard, we declare unto you."

The repentant Magdalen, too, raised tear-wet eyes to the Cross, to Him Who came to seek and to save that which was lost, to Him Who had changed her by His sweet words of absolution from a sinner into a friend. She had washed His feet with her tears in token of her grief and was in turn, cleansed anew in the Precious Blood that flowed upon her. At the same time she saw the terrible sufferings endured by Jesus in atonement for sin. That sight gave her the inspiration and the courage to spend the rest of her days—thirty long years—in the practice of the greatest austerities.

Strange things happened on Calvary. A condemned criminal was being executed. A few hours, at most, of his reckless, misspent life remained before he faced the Judge from whose sentence there is no appeal. There seemed to be little hope that the sentence would be favorable because he was spending his last moments blaspheming the Savior, the Judge Himself.

Then he too began to watch Jesus. Gradually, he went from admiration to pity. He defended Jesus, proclaimed His innocence and rebuked his companion. Humility, sorrow and hope grew apace in his soul. Finally, he voiced the humblest, most trustful prayer: "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom." He was not long in waiting for an answer. The calm, judicial voice of Jesus sounded in his astonished ears. "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." Of him alone among the elect friends of God does Holy Scripture record in explicit words that he received the promise of heaven while still able to behold the light of day. And the only explanation of such an extraordinary grace is the fact that he watched Jesus.

Finally when Jesus, again crying with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost, "the centurion and they that were with him *watching Jesus*, having seen the earthquake and the things that were done were sore afraid, saying: 'Indeed, this was the Son of God.'" (MATT. 27:50-54.) Hardened, mercenary soldiers who began the day's routine of executing three criminals, ended it by confessing that Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God, simply because "they sat and watched Him."

WATCHING Jesus is a holy and fruitful occupation. And yet it will surprise many to know that it is nothing else but *meditation*. Writers have urged the practice of meditation, have painted out its advantages, have outlined the manner of meditating. Many have been moved by this persuasive argument, have been desirous of reaping its fruits, but have been repelled or discouraged by the psychological terms employed to explain the exercise. Meditation on the Passion can be defined as watching Jesus, and asking oneself the question: "As I am now, as I feel at present what does that mean for me?" Watching Jesus in His agony will inspire one to utter, "Thy will be done," another to pray more perseveringly for grace. Viewing the horrible scourging, one will be moved to the practice of self-denial. The sight of Jesus patiently bearing His Cross will give to one the courage to bear the crosses of daily life, to another the resolution to follow Him in the religious or priestly state. Watching Jesus will bring to the sinner repentance, to the repentant hope, to the tempted strength, to the irresolute courage, to the religious fervor, because to all it will bring love and to love nothing is impossible.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



A Child's Prayer

By MARY McLAUGHLIN

Dear God, I am a little girl
Last birthday I was seven;
My mother died a week ago,
Folks say she's gone to Heaven.

And oh, I am so very sad,
So lonely and so blue,
That if You do not send her back,
I don't know what I'll do.

Please, God, do send her back to me
Because I miss her so;
You can if so it pleases You,
And so You will, I know.

But if they will not let her come,
The folks up there in Heaven,
Then tell them, won't You, darling God,
That I am only seven.

And there's no one to comb my hair,
Or tuck me into bed;
And when I'm sick, no loving hands
To rub my aching head.

And if You'll hear this little prayer,
Of one who's only seven,
Then some day when I'm all grown up,
We'll both return to Heaven!

Why the March Winds Blow

By MARIE KILLIAN

ONCE UPON A TIME before olden times became old, there was a little white rosebud. She grew in front of a large white house in company with many other lovely flowers but set aside by her wondrous beauty. She was a dainty thing of purest white, elevated upon a long green stem in a bower of green leaves and guarded by red thorns. She was the most beautiful of all the flowers that graced the garden, a little princess in the court of Beauty. Gentle breezes played about her, the birds circled near and sang her their sweetest songs, the

grasshopper lazily chanted her praises the live-long day and the busy ants paused in their work of hoarding their winter's food to admire her.

These were only a few of her lovers but she heeded none of them, nor did she pay any attention to their words of admiration. No praise, no words of love nor acts of gallantry turned the head of the little flower, for as I said before she was of the purest type. She grew in the garden to beautify and radiate happiness. It was no wonder the South Wind loved her and she loved him.

One day the South Wind asked her to become his bride and the little rosebud nodded her consent. All the birds and the bugs and the beetles were very happy about the betrothal because they loved the South Wind and loved the little rosebud as well, and all the flowers were so happy to know that their two best friends were going to be wed. The little breezes hastened back and forth carrying messages of good wishes from the flowers to the rosebud, and she nodded her head gracefully and modestly in acceptance.

THE WEDDING day was set and no one thought of anything else but the grand event. Everyone was invited to attend. The great day arrived. It was a beautiful day in March. The sun shone from a sky of the deepest blue into a garden of color that would make the rainbow envious. Every flower was there in its best colors. The daffodils wore their yellow frocks and the hyacinths their pink. Some of the tulips were dressed in a deep shade of bright red while others were in magenta. The crocuses appeared in orange, and the snowdrops in waxy white. The little violet as usual wore violet and the iris purple. The poppies danced about in scarlet silk, so soft and thin that the birds were afraid they would tear the lovely dresses before the ceremony started if they did not keep still. The pansies wore large velvet hats of purple, yellow and black, and stared with a wide-eyed stare at everyone about them. The blue bells wore

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dainty sky-blue and wafted the prettiest music from their throats for the guests while everyone waited for the groom to arrive. The tall hollyhocks who grew way over near the fence put on their pink bonnets and stretched just as high as they could so as not to miss the sight. Even the large sunflower who did not belong to the garden but grew in an empty lot next door, turned her great heavy head with its crown of yellow away from the sun and gazed into the splendor before her.

ALL THE birds were there. The robin came in a bright red vest and the barn swallow in blue. The woodpecker wore his brown suit and the kingfisher had on his blue hat. The tanager came in scarlet and the crow put on his yellow shoes. Then there was the grasshopper in a bright green frock coat who played a tune on his violin. Down the path came the beetle wearing a shiny black suit and hurrying as though he might be late. The katydid was there and so were Mr. and Mrs. Ant who had no one to leave their children with, so they brought them along. There were nine hundred of them, but they were so tiny that they did not take up much room, and they immediately set to work and built themselves a house near the path, and had it finished before the ceremony started. The most gorgeous costume was borne by the dragon fly. He came in a brilliant blue, trimmed with a shimmering black with wings that caught every color from the sun and formed a network of colors that not even the costliest diamond could boast of.

The bees, butterflies and wasps were busy all morning bringing messages from the flowers to the bride and their whirring wings filled the air with a droning music as they flew.

The bridesmaids were her sisters. They were dressed in the daintiest pink and waited on the bride and attended to her slightest wish. The bride was in white, of course, and never did she look lovelier. An old grandmother spider had arisen very early that morning and had spun a lace veil of the finest texture over her head, and the sun shining on the dew that was caught in its meshes formed a coronet of the rarest diamonds. No princess was ever more beautiful, no maiden happier than the little rose that day.

The time for the ceremony grew nearer. A cluster of lilies of the valley and some canterbury bells tingled a faint song. The blue bells took up the refrain and all the birds joined in the chorus. The song was the most beautiful one anyone had ever heard.

There was a gentle rustle in the air, and the bridegroom arrived in their midst. He was a long thin fellow and wore a turban hat made of a lavender filmy scarf that wound around his head and trailed a long distance behind him. One scarcely knew where he began and ended, he flew so fast and landed so gently. Then the excitement was at its highest pitch. Old Jack-in-the-pulpit who was the minister, stood up in front of the couple and cleared his throat. The music ceased and a quiet reigned. Not a flower moved, not a bird chirped, so keen was the interest of everyone and even the poppies stopped their dancing and all turned toward the happy pair.

Suddenly the door of the white house opened and a young girl came out. She stood on the step for a moment and inhaled the morning air.

"What a beautiful day!" she exclaimed, "and how lovely the garden looks." She walked over to the little bride and said, "You beautiful little creature, some ugly spider has woven his web around you." She broke the fine threads of the wedding veil, and brushed them away and wiped them on her skirt. Then she plucked the little bride from her stem and stuck the poor little thing in the buttonhole of her coat. She walked down the path and up the street. A terrible moan went over the garden. The flowers drooped their heads too heavy with sorrow to hold them up. The birds flew around here and there in wild excitement, shrieking in loud shrill tones and bumping into each other panic stricken. The beetles, ants and grasshoppers hurried away in despair and the South Wind threw himself on the ground and moaned and moaned and moaned.

NOW THE North Wind was watching his youngest brother's wedding from his place in the sky. He could not come down and mingle with the other guests because Jack Frost, who was a chum of his, would have come with him and all the flowers would have frozen, so he was happy to sit with old Jack and watch the whole thing from above. When he saw his brother's bride cruelly torn away from him, he rushed furiously to earth. Jack Frost called to him to come back, that it was not the time of the year to visit the earth, but the North Wind did not heed him, but rushed down angrily and fiercely. Around the chimney of the house he whistled, down the garden he blew bending over all the flowers on their stems in his wrath. Up the street he went after the young girl who had caused the terrible damage. Faster and faster he went, whirling

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round and round in great circles, and louder and louder he yelled. As he went he picked up everything he saw in his way and blew them behind him, throwing them with such force that they landed everywhere, on lawns, against houses and sometimes high up in the air. Wildly he dashed on in his mad way. He blew at the girl, in front of her and behind her, tangling her skirts about her legs so she couldn't walk. She buttoned her coat tightly and caught hold of her hat, but too late. The North Wind blew under the hat and threw it off her head, and far out of her reach. It rolled away and out of sight. The girl began to cry. She was dreadfully cold and could not walk with her skirts tangled about her legs. But the North Wind felt no pity. His wrath knew no bounds. He blustered, he tore, he raged and whistled and howled. The rosebud fell to the ground helpless and dying. The South Wind swooped gently under her and carried her away. Where he took her I do not know. But this much I do know, that every time the South Wind blows, the farmer says we are going to have rain, but it is really the tears the South Wind is shedding for his lost one. Every March since, the North Wind comes to the earth in the same angry mood and blows and blows until everyone is uncomfortable. None of the flowers will bloom in that part of the country where the little rosebud grew until after March has passed, for no one wants to feel the wrath of the North Wind again as they felt it that day, but wait until March is safely passed before they bud forth in their lovely clothes.

Daddy Sen Fu's Own

MY DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARIES:

It seems like such a long time since I heard from some of you that I am beginning to feel that something happened to you during vacation. I hope that you are all busy with your lessons again. I could never believe that you have forgotten the Missions, even though you did not write poor old Daddy Senn Fu. However, I did receive some very nice letters. I was overjoyed to find out that one of our Sunny Signers cannot only write a nice letter, but can write nice poetry as well. What do you think of this fine letter from Alice Marie? She knows all our Bobbies, and every now and then mentions some of them in her letters. Just read this letter, and tell me what you think about it:

Dear Daddy: I always enjoy reading the Junior part of THE SIGN. I like to read about the Bobbies and I like to read the little poems, too. I wrote a little poem a while ago, and mother says I should send it to you. I called it

THE POPLARS

One night as I sat by the window,
Watching the poplar trees,
I thought they looked so pretty
A-swaying in the breeze.
And they seemed to me to be saying
"Good-night, my dear, good-night;"
And as 'twas nearly bed-time,
I thought they were quite right.

I suppose some of the other Juniors could write poetry better than this if they would only try.

Daddy, please send me a Bobby Mite Box. I would like to have one of our old friends, Smiles or Chubby or, well, anybody will do. I'll treat him real nice. Good-bye, Daddy.—ALICE MARIE.

Do you think you could write a poem better than Alice Marie's? The next time you write me, try to compose a little poem of four or eight lines. But say something in it about the Missions. Here is another letter from a little lad who is certainly a good worker for the Missions.

Dear Daddy: I just want to tell you that I am thinking about the Missions even during vacation. I got a job pulling up weeds. It was tough work. I never knew the sun was so hot, and the first night when I went home I was dead tired. I thought that once I got in bed I'd never get out again. But when I began to think about the Missionaries and all they have to suffer, I said to myself I'm going to keep at that job if I bust, and I'll ask Mamma if I can give all I earn to the poor Missionaries.

Well, Mamma was pleased when I asked her, so I'm sending you my Bobby Mite Box to help the poor priests. I like Mary and Charlie Chin very much. But I do not think that everybody could have such luck as they did in collecting gold pieces. Good-bye, Daddy. Tell the Bobbies to be good.

FRANCIS J.

Well, Juniors, I suppose I'll have to tell you a story about the Bobbies. Last month, you remember, I made Smiles promise to tell us his experiences when he was kidnapped from my office. Smiles talked for a long time, telling me that story. The best part was as follows:

'Daddy, it almost breaks my heart when I think of all that I saw while I was away. I know I brought back a nice help for the Missions. But it is very little, after all. One day, while I was with Mr. — he decided to take his little boy to the beach. Now, I was never to a beach in my life. And, honestly, I believe I was the only Bobby down there. I saw thousands of people having a good time. There were so many boys and girls eating ice cream cones and 'hot dogs' and candy.

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"And then I saw big people paying money just to take rides on a funny sliding machine. Just imagine, they would pay ten cents for just a two-minute ride. When the ride was over they had nothing to take home with them. When I watched those people paying and riding I seemed to see our Passionist Missionaries away off in China. I saw some poor priests walking in the hot sun, and they were walking just as fast as they could. And when I looked behind them I could see way off in the distance a crowd of soldiers running after the Missionaries. I saw one of the Missionaries sit down and heard him say to the others: 'Oh, I'm so tired, I cannot walk any further. I guess the soldiers will get me. But don't let them get you. Leave me here and save your own lives. The Missions cannot afford to lose all of us.'

"And then I seemed to realize that this was one of the parties of Passionist Missionaries who were being chased out of their Missions. And when I looked again, and I saw some poor Sisters come struggling along, almost dropping on the road they were so tired. Then I heard the noise of the sliding machine, and my heart just bled to think how these people were spending so much money just for a little ride and far off there were holy priests and Sisters who had to walk hundreds of miles. I was glad when Mr. — went away from that place. I wonder whether there is anybody in the whole world who would give so cheerfully for God's work in China what they give so cheerfully for pleasure at the beaches.

"WHEN WE went to another place, where there was another machine that went round and round. It had all kinds of funny-looking wooden animals on it, and the boys and girls, and even men and women, were paying money to ride on that. And, while I was thinking all about it, my mind travelled to China. I remembered you told us how we all travelled through life in a circle beginning with God and ending with God, and that when we got back to God He would ask us to tell all about our trip around the circle of life. Then I thought of how the Missionaries in China were trying to teach the poor people all about how they began and where they would end up. Do you remember, Daddy, that you told us that if the Missionary could just get *one* soul to travel on the right path towards the end of the circle, just to please God, they would be willing to die?

"And all the time these people were going

round and round and never getting to where they began because they never stopped. They did not seem to be thinking about the big circle of life at all. If they were thinking about God, Daddy, why would they be sitting on wooden horses and painted lions? Do animals help us to get to God? I never saw even a picture of an animal angel.

"OH, DADDY, I could tell you so much. I hope the next time I go to a beach it will be with some good Junior who will hold me out to all these gay people and ask them to help the Missionaries. Honestly, I came near shouting out to the people: 'Don't forget the end of the Circle of Life! Better do something to help the poor Missionaries while you have money to spend. Some day you will want to do something to help the Missionaries, but all your money will be gone, and then you won't be able to do it.'

"Tell the Juniors about the poor priests and Sisters in China. Ask them to invite one of us to help them save their pennies. Every penny they feed us will turn to gold, and look at all the good that can be done with the gold to please the Infant Jesus. He'll soon be here. His birthday is not so far away. Ask the Juniors to start saving now for Christmas. And when Christmas comes we'll help buy shoes for the poor priests and Sisters in China and we'll help buy rice for all the poor babies who are dying over there just because they have not enough to eat."

That is only part of the story Smiles told. He still has to tell you about the \$100 which he brought home. I promised him I would ask you to invite a Bobby to your homes to help save for a Christmas present for the Missions. And don't forget to ask Sister in school how many Bobbies she wants you to get for all the other boys and girls in the class.

DADDY SEN FU.

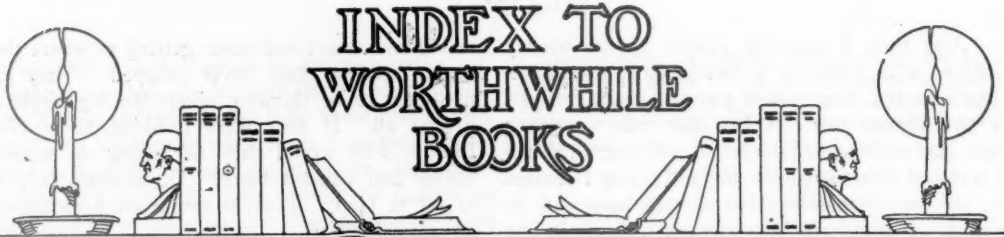
Another Sunny Signer

Dear Daddy:

I should like you to send me a Bobby Mite-Box so that I can save my pennies for the Missionaries, and for the Chinese children who are suffering for want of rice. I just read the story about the "Bobbies" and I am going to be like Agnes, save the pennies and let the dollars take care of themselves. If you will be so kind as to send me a mite-box very soon, I'll save my pennies for it instead of buying candy.

Your little Missionary,

LILLIAN KEMPER



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THINGS CATHOLICS ARE ASKED ABOUT.

By Martin J. Scott, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: cloth, \$1.50; paper, 35 cents, net.

Under the above title the well-known Jesuit adds another to his series of deservedly popular books. It is an aid to the children of the household to answer intelligently questions of those who have not the happiness to be of the fold. Any Catholic who familiarizes himself with its contents will be able to give all the information sincere seekers after truth may need. The book, however, would be more readable, if it were less diffuse and less oratorical in style. Some typographical errors will be eliminated in future editions. Some are harmless. The one on page 9 is not so: "He thus established His right to speak as God and to believe as God." Then, too, there are digressions which were very much in place when the different sections appeared in serial form in *Columbia*, but impede the easy progression of the thought, collected in book form, and unnecessarily increase the number of pages.

THE EUCHARISTIC EMMANUEL. By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$2.25.

The Eucharistic Emmanuel is the collection of two sets of discourses for the Forty Hours devotion. Dogmatic treatment and controversy are foreign to the author's plan, which is entirely proper to the occasion. Of course, they are doctrinal; otherwise they would not be worth publishing; but the devotional and practical elements predominate. Both the outline and the written-out discourse are given. The former may be more acceptable to many priests, the latter will be helpful to devout frequenters of the Forty Hours of the laity.

WITH HIM IN MIND. By Very Rev. Msgr. J. L. J. Kirlin. The Macmillan Co., New York City. Price: \$1.50.

The author thus summarizes the publication: "The present volume is made up of twelve essays on the Apostles' Creed which give an exposition of that epitome of our faith, article by article, and study the doctrines expressed in it in the golden light of the Eucharist." It is far from being a dry-as-dust production as not infrequently happens in doctrinal publications.

There is a delightful departure from the dreary description of the birthplace of our Blessed Lord. The author gives St. Joseph and the blessed Mother credit for having known the nearness of Jesus' birth and for having made preparation accordingly. The description is most plausible, and appeals much to commonsense properties. However, which descrip-

tion is in harmony with the facts: a stable actually occupied by beasts, resorted to in extreme need; or a stable in the hillside deliberately chosen, cleansed, and made somewhat less unsuitable for the wonderful event? St. Luke mentions only the manger: "And She brought forth Her first-born Son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for Them in the inn."

COMFORT FOR THE SICK. By Clara M. Tiry. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$2.00.

Another opportune book for the age which worships so devoutly by the maxims of the gospel of the good time. These maxims have found their way even into cloisters and the sanctuary. The wide gate and the broad way of a good time always allure; but ever-cautious strong souls seek the narrow gate and straight way which lead to life. Reading like unto "Comfort for the Sick" will help much to make the sufferings and hardships of the narrow gate and straight way look less unattractive, no less for the healthy than for the infirm. The author does not attempt the folly of singing the praises of suffering for its own sake—who would?—but she does sing the praises of sufferings and hardships as stepping stones to closer approach to the Man of Sorrows and the place He is preparing for those who suffer in a Christian manner. The choice of material is very happy, resulting in delightful variety. There is cheer in the treatment. The style is clear and pleasing. The air of childlike sincerity pervades the book. Quotations from the Holy Book are many and apposite. It is written by one who has learned in the school of experience. For many years she has been an invalid. Her affliction suggested to her the founding of the association of *The Apostolate of Suffering*. The Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee, wrote the laudatory introduction, which the book deserves.

ENCYCLICALS OF PIUS XI. Translated by James H. Ryan of the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University of America. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$2.25.

Whatever makes it easier for thoughtful persons to read papal documents, meant for the guidance of souls who aspire to higher things, is a positive gain to the world at large. The Popes are the greatest agency for keeping before mankind spiritual values. Their rating even among cultured unbelievers is so high, that the pronouncements of each succeeding Pope are sure to force attention, favorable or unfavorable. Hence, James H. Ryan has made the reading public his debtor by gathering in one volume the world letters of Pius XI. These letters were

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written to aid mankind to work its way out of present-day moral and spiritual tangle in the individual, the family, and the state or government.

These Encyclicals, ten in number, cover a wide range of Catholic thought and purpose. The first deals with universal peace, not sloppy pacifism; but peace which is built on the solid foundation of the leadership of Christ's teaching, precept, and example, resulting in the establishment of His kingdom in individual life, in the home, and not least in the governments of the world. The second of the series of Encyclicals proclaims the always preached Catholic truth that Christian holiness of life is not the privilege of a small number of elect souls, but is the duty of every man, whatever his station in life. The provocation for this letter was the third centenary of the death of St. Francis de Sales. Very opportune cautions to Catholic controversialists to avoid acrimony in both the spoken and written word, are forcibly enunciated. The sixth centenary of the canonization of St. Thomas Aquinas provided the Pope with the occasion for recurring to the topic so dear to Holy See, which is the most thorough spiritual and intellectual culture for the clergy along the lines followed by the Angel of Catholic Schools—a culture ever urged not only for the personal uplift of the clergy, but for the people at large. It is a document of special enlightenment for non-Catholics of the open mind, who find it so difficult to shake off the obsession that the Catholic Church prospers only among the ignorant. Ignorance is among the chief obstacles to the progress of the Church. An ignorant priesthood cannot be efficient. An ignorant membership will be dead to Catholic ideals.

The fifth of these letters reveals the dominant yearning for the return of the Eastern Churches to Catholic unity. How could it be otherwise? Christ Jesus established one Church, not several. For the full accomplishment of His purposes, unity among believers is essential. The third centenary of the martyrdom of St. Josophat, Archbishop of Polotsk, the apostle of unity between the Slavs and the Holy See, induced the Holy Father to publish the Encyclical. An outstanding feature of this letter is the application to concrete conditions of the old saying: "In what is necessary, unity; in what is doubtful, freedom; in all things, charity." The Catholic system is the only one which manages to combine the differences of the human with the unity of the divine in actual Christianity. The Holy See is zealous for the preservation of the oriental rites in their integrity, and cautions controversialists to be delicate for the sensibilities of the orientals, lest by violent zeal they wreck the prospects of unity. The sixth Encyclical is a marvelous illustration of the spirit of legitimate compromise and of more than human prudence in dealing with difficult situations. On the plea of separation of the State from the Church, the Government of France at different times indulged in wholesale robbery of Church property. So far our Government has not accepted this interpretation of *separation of Church and State*. More than once the Holy See has compromised with the French Government in the matter of restitution or reparation for past robberies. In this document the Pope authorizes an experimental compromise to remedy, as far may be, the evil effects of the latest French robbery of Church property. The letter is of much concern to France and of interest to the rest of the

world as an illustration of the moderation of the Holy See.

The most inspirational of the series of letters to the whole Church is the seventh, whereby the Holy Father instituted the feast of the kingship of our Lord Jesus Christ, to be celebrated annually in all Catholic Churches throughout the world. The festival and the special emphasis on the Savior's regal dignity and authority at the present time, are characteristic of the document. Christ proclaimed Himself a king, though stressing the fact that His kingdom is not of this world. Loyalty to Him has always been the very soul of the Catholic theory and practice of holiness. But the world at large is drifting away from Christ and His Gospel of salvation to the gospel of the good time, of the worship of money, and of the pride of dominant nationalism. Consciously or unconsciously, mankind is lapsing into the idolatry of State-worship, as of old, among the heathen and today among the uncivilized. The false worship is patriotism run wild. Hence, the enslavement of the citizenry to the claimed omnipotent super-eminence of the State. The Holy Father urges Catholics to recognize the danger and points out the sublime safeguard which is the worship of Jesus, the King, Who alone can preserve unto all the liberty of the children of God, purchased with His own most precious blood. The eighth of these inspiring letters of Pius XI. was written to stir into greater activity the Catholic missionary spirit for the conversion of the heathen, and to point out the methods of this activity. The document merits greater attention than can be given to it in a review; but the following passage is especially opportune: "Anyone who looks upon these natives as members of an inferior race or as men of low mentality makes a grievous mistake. . . . We have here under our very eyes the example of certain native students attending the colleges of Rome who not only are equal to the other students in ability and in the results they obtain in their studies, but frequently even surpass them."

The seventh centenary of the death of the holy Poverello of Assisi appealed to the Pope as a most suitable occasion for bringing to the mind of his millions of spiritual children scattered throughout the world, the methods by which St. Francis labored to induce people and governments of his day to a Christian appreciation of the values of life. Too often writers picture the conditions of the middle ages as ideal. The Holy Father paints them otherwise. Ruthless paganism then even as now, was overmuch in control of individual and social life; however, with this difference, faith, such as it was, was a most active factor, of which the Crusades are tangible evidence. The methods of St. Francis and of the societies established by him to do battle with paganism of his day, was to live in perfection the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The last of the series of papal letters is intensely sad. It deals with a matter which should make all right-thinking Americans very sad, because our Government is largely responsible for the condition which made the letter necessary. It deals with the persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico. Sad though the letter is, it is also jubilant, because so many of the despised Mexicans are making the supreme sacrifice for the faith. The Mexican Church is adding new names to the roll of Martyrs.



The Mission Situation in China

As Reflected in Letters of the Missionaries

Kienyang

FR. ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C.P.

June 14, 1927.

TO UNDERSTAND what follows, it is necessary to know that in every city the students and workmen were banded into guilds and governed by a number of fanatics sent from the Capital of Changsha. Bolshevik meetings were frequently held in the streets, the main object of which is to arouse the people into a frenzy against Capitalism and Imperialism. Hatred for Christianity, and, in fact, all religions and morality, was one of the phases of the movement. Frequent parades, in which all the guilds took part, were held. When passing the Catholic and Protestant Missions the ringleaders yelled themselves hoarse, crying: "Destroy the Catholic Church; destroy the foreign slaves."

When Msgr. Dominic decided to send the Sisters of St. Joseph out of Yuanchow, he ordered me to come to Kienyang to assist Father Clement. Father Quentin was to take the Sisters out through Kweichow. I arrived

here during Holy Week. Things were quiet, except for the anti-foreign spirit that was manifest on all sides. The General of the soldiers quartered here assured us that in case of need he would protect us.



MR. T'SEN WHO TAUGHT OUR MISSIONARIES CHINESE

As things were so quiet, Father Clement took occasion to run up to Yuanchow on business, intending to return the following day. The following day a carrier arrived with a letter from Father Clement. He had arrived a short time after Father Quentin and the Sisters had left and found that the Devil had taken possession of most of the Yuanchow people. On Easter Sunday, having seen Father Quentin and the Sisters depart, the report went forth that the foreigners had fled. Several hundred people entered the Mission and began carrying off everything they could get their hands on. Fathers Timothy, Gregory and Clement put in their appearance and succeeded in getting them to leave.

The Mandarin and several leaders called on Father Timothy and demanded him to send his orphans to the Yamen. They would take care of them. Furthermore, he was not to have any more services or teach doctrine in the future. Father Timothy went to the Yamen to see what the General could do about it. The General declared that he and his soldiers were

THE † SIGN



LOOKING AT SHENCHOW THE
GRACEFULLY WINDING YUAN
RIVER

guests from Kweichow Province, and, therefore, he could not interfere. He advised Father Timothy to comply with the demands of the Mandarin. "You need not fear for your own life," he said. "We will protect you, but we cannot protect your Christians." "I am not worrying about my life," Father Timothy replied. "If I thought much of my life I would not have come to China, where there is nothing but danger on every side. I am asking you to protect my Christians and orphans. It is my duty to protect the souls of my Christians." The General then called in the Mandarin to talk matters over. Father Timothy then told the Mandarin that he would by no means send his orphans to the Yamen. The Mandarin replied that if Father Timothy had not complied with the demand by the following day, he would himself come and take them. "Come and try," retorted Father Timothy. "You will take them only over my dead body and the bodies of the other two priests."

Shortly after the Sisters left the Mission, the *Tang Pu* (leaders of the Radicals) as they are called, heard of it. A large number, together with a detachment of the Mandarin's soldiers, pursued the boats and tried to take off the Chinese virgins who were with the Sisters. The soldiers escorting the boats refused and repulsed the mob and kept on their way. On learning of the repulse, the *Tang Pu* and the Mandarin went to the General and made it so uncomfortable for him that he sent a detachment of his soldiers with orders to bring the boats back. I will not go into detail further, but it was only by the greatest strategy that Father Timothy succeeded in having the party held in *statu quo* until he got word to the Governor of Kweichow and orders were sent for the boats to proceed.

Father Timothy returned from the Yamen and under cover of darkness sent all the orphans to the homes of the Christians. Then, together with Fathers Gregory and Clement, he waited for the outcome, which, to all appearance, would be death to them and destruction of the Mission. Conditions grew more tense hourly. But the General remained faithful to his promise to protect the priests' lives. During all the monster celebrations, when the mob was bent on destroying the Mission, a guard of soldiers stood nearby to ward off any violence.

By his continual protection of the Mission, the General drew down the hatred of the Communists upon him. As a revenge, on Thursday night, during a lantern parade, some of the Radicals secretly entered the rear of the General's headquarters and set fire to it. The fire was raging before it was discovered, and everything was a total loss. The General was enraged. He de-

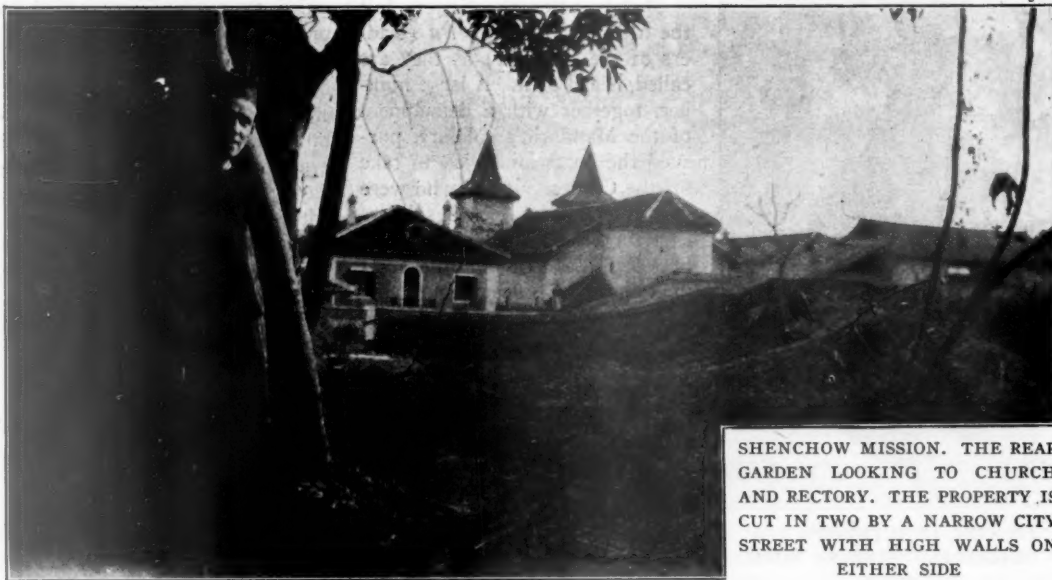
tailed an extra heavy guard to protect the Catholic and Protestant Missions. He then put the city under martial law. His next step was to destroy the Communists' headquarters and kill everyone connected with it. The days that followed were filled with terror for the Communists. Everyone found to be in any way connected with the party was imprisoned and put to death. Thus Communism was wiped out as by a miracle, and peace was again restored to the Mission of Yuanchow.

During all the trouble in Yuanchow I was here in Kienyang. Father Clement's daily letters kept me posted about events there. I foresaw that if the Mission in Yuanchow was destroyed, Kienyang would shortly suffer the same fate. But nothing alarming happened till Thursday. On that day an im-



THE CHINESE BRIDE PAYS A POST-
NUPTIAL VISIT TO THE MISSION-
ARIES. THE MATRON-OF-HONOR
HOLDS A TEAPOT OF BOILING
WATER. THE BRIDE A TRAY WITH
BOWLS OF GINGER TEA. THE
MOTHER HAS HARD-BOILED EGGS
AFLOAT IN SWEET WATER

THE † SIGN



SHENCHOW MISSION. THE REAR GARDEN LOOKING TO CHURCH AND RECTORY. THE PROPERTY IS CUT IN TWO BY A NARROW CITY STREET WITH HIGH WALLS ON EITHER SIDE

mense parade was held in which all the people took part. It was to express their hatred of the Japanese, who had lately killed some Chinese at Hankow.

Just a short time before the parade passed, a young couple, whom I had married, left the Mission and were celebrating the event in their home on the street. The parade passed the Mission, but, thanks to the General and his soldiers, nothing was done except the yelling of abusive language against us and the Christians. All would have gone well if, in passing the house of the bridal party, some had not recognized the young man as one of our Christians. Immediately the cry of foreign slave went up and a large number entered the house. The young couple and their friends were beaten, only escaping serious injury by flight. Everything in the house was destroyed.

About an hour after the parade passed, a soldier, to whom I had been giving treatment, came running in breathless. He said that he had overheard a plan to have the paraders return

and destroy the Mission. "They will surely do it," he said. "They are too many for us."

I immediately sent a card to the General's headquarters, and, in answer, two officers came. I asked them what they could do against a mob. "We will talk to them," they said. "Then if they do not listen we will get a squad of soldiers and make them listen." Shortly afterwards the General came with his bodyguard, apparently to pay a visit, but really because he had heard of the trouble and wished to ward off any danger. The sight of his bodyguard in the Mission Compound made the mob think twice before attacking us.

After dinner, I was just rejoicing that things turned out so well, when a Communist leader ushered in a number of students to my room. When I heard their business I was amazed. Two or three showed cuts and bruises which they claimed were inflicted by our young Christian, whose house they had destroyed. They claimed that he had provoked the attack and had attacked them with a knife. They

demanding that I hand him over to them to be punished. I tried to control myself while I told them that I would give them my answer later, after I had looked into the charges.

After they had gone, I went to see the General and put all the facts before him. He called the Chief of Police and asked him what punishment the *Tang Pu* intended to inflict upon our Christian. The Chief replied, laughingly, as if overjoyed by it: "Oh, they will beat him and make him wear the 'High Hat' in a parade. I replied that I would by no means hand him over to the mob to be beaten mercilessly, and that the wearing of the "High Hat" would be ridiculing our Church before the eyes of all the people. I would not submit to it. I told the General that the charges were false. The young man was then suffering acutely from the beating he received. Rather let them destroy me and the Mission than I should hand the young man over to be beaten to death by a mob. The General said he could not interfere, since he was only

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a guest, but if there was any danger to the Mission, he would protect us. If I was unwilling to hand over the man, I could suit myself.

During Thursday and Friday, though the air was tense and posters were continually being pasted up outside the gate, nothing serious happened. On Saturday morning I was just sitting in the office after breakfast, enjoying my morning smoke, when I heard a commotion outside the gate. I ran outside and found several hundred people standing there. About twenty students stood around with clubs, resembling baseball bats, in their hands. Others had the wall pasted with all manner of posters. I stood there whilst they did their work, but said nothing. Finally, several got courage enough to try to enter. I started towards them, at the same time commanding them to get out. I was surprised at the alacrity with which they obeyed. Just at that critical moment when they all

stood glaring at me, two officers put in their appearance and dispersed them, threatening to call reinforcements if they refused to obey. Afterwards, one of the Christians came and told me that the word was going about through the city that a mob had attempted to destroy the Catholic Church, but the priest had appeared in the doorway with a gun in his hand and drove them away; the gun was my pipe, which I held in my hand while telling the students to get out. The rumor also spread that we had a machine gun mounted inside the gates.

Shortly after the crowd dispersed, Father Clement arrived from Yuanchow. He was on hand for the trouble there, and just arrived in time to have a hand in this.

Several times members of the Communist headquarters called, demanding that I hand our Christian over to them. I put them off in Chinese fashion. Finally, the General sent his ad-

viser to tell us that he had arranged to take our Christian to the *Tang Pu* the following day. There would be no beating nor parade, he said, but the young man would be admonished and made to apologize. As we had already heard about the happenings in Yuanchow, we pleaded with him on a day's delay under pretense that we wished to get into communication with Father Timothy.

Two days later the case was automatically settled when the Communists all fled. A frightful murder had been committed which was blamed on the *Tang Pu*. They had heard what had happened in Yuanchow, and knew the same fate awaited them here.

Regarding the other Missions, I cannot give any authentic news. It is rumored that Shenchow was plundered and burned. Chenki was looted and occupied by soldiers, but is now free. The catechist is now living in the Mission and having daily prayer.



IN THE REAR GARDEN OF THE PASSIONIST MISSION AT SHENCHOW FATHER PAUL POINTS TO THE COMPOUND OF THE REFORMED PROTESTANT MISSION. THESE ARE BUT THREE OF THEIR BUILDINGS. TO THE LEFT—A LITTLE WOODEN SHED—IS THE SHACK PEST-HOUSE WHERE MANY FAMINE VICTIMS DIED



ON ANY SUNNY DAY THE RIVER BANK IS LINED WITH WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES. THE SOUND OF THE INCESSANT SLAPPING OF THE CLOTHES IS ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTIC NOISES OF CHINA

Ta Kiang Kow

FATHER PAUL UBINGER, C. P.

July 5, 1927.

I HAVE finally landed at my first stop enroute to Shenchow. I have kept silent and obscure for so long that some might be tempted to think that I have forgotten all our good friends back in the States. It is quite true that I have not done much in writing letters to America. But at the same time I have spent my whole self on the work of the Missions and with the Chinese language. I have come to feel that China is my home, the natives my brethren and their welfare my life's work. I actually feel strange when in the company of "foreigners" and only feel really content when amongst the Chinese.

Father Cuthbert and I stayed in our Mission through the fierce threats and trying humiliations of the enraged mobs of anti-foreign and anti-religious propagandists. The climax of our persecution came on April 20. On that day Father Cuthbert and I were given our choice

of leaving or staying in the Mission with the barbarous, obscene soldiers who came and occupied our house, and submit to their ignominies, tortures and, perhaps, final death. The only thing to do in order to have a chance to be still helpful to the Christians was to get out. So we prepared to flee to our out-mission of Wuki where Father Dunstan was stationed. There we could have carried on our work quietly and unmolested. In the last analysis, if we did have to clear out there were several good hiding places with Christians living in the mountains.

Just two hours before we left the Mission a telegram came from the Prefect. We were ordered to set out for Chenki at once. My heart sank for I realized that now I could no longer stay among my Christians. We had everything prepared for a journey to Wuki so it was impossible to start at once for Chenki. It was only after a four days' stay in the mountains about six miles from Shenchow, at the house of one of our Christians, that we left by small sampan for Chenki. No doubt Father Cuthbert has already

given an account of this eventful trip.

We had to dispose of all our dear little babies and beloved orphans by placing them in the hands of a good Christian woman. I arranged to pay for their food and upkeep for a period of three months. In my heart I feared that I was being torn away from my flock for good but I had a well-grounded hope that the dear Lord would let something happen so that I could come back again within a short time. I told my Christians to pray and not give up hopes until I should return to them. It was the hardest separation I have ever had in all my life—and I have gone through some heartbreaking partings in my life.

We left Chenki the day after our Holy Founder's Feast, April 29. The trip was a long and difficult one but the keenest pain I suffered was from the knowledge that every day we were getting farther and farther from my dear Christians. The hardships of the road were easy to bear in comparison.

While at Kuling last year I had learned to "hike" and I had become hardened to mountain climbing. I almost felt as though the trip to Kweichow was a source of recreation and pleasure. I have learned to like Chinese "chow" and as that is all we could get while on the road I did not mind that part of the journey at all. In fact I grew stout, tough and tan and came out of my journey in better health than I had started with. We traveled from Chenki to Mayang and from Mayang to Tungren. This meant six days' journey on foot. From Tungren to Kweiyang meant twelve days by chair. I used my chair, such as it was, very little, because I really did enjoy the hiking even though it rained for the

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greater part of the journey.

The journey to Kweichow was not without its advantages to me. I made the best of it and learned more and more about China and the Chinese. Everything in Kweichow was new and interesting. The country there is altogether different from any other part of China I had seen. Never before did I see such barren hills and deserted towns, such extremes of poverty and destruction, as all that I beheld on the way to Kweiyang in Kweichow. Famine and bandits have played havoc in that province. In most places that were formerly flourishing cities we found half-starved inhabitants living in the ruins of what were once large homes of rich, progressive merchants and farmers. All along this stretch of almost 265 miles (800 li), from Tungren to Kweiyang we did not run across a single gentleman wearing a long "ifu" garment and this was quite significant. Many towns were completely destroyed and deserted.

The end of the journey gave us some idea of what the province *could* produce. We beheld the capitol city crowded with people, bustling with excitement and showing every sign of progress. It seemed that all life, industry, commerce and culture of the entire province had moved to the capital city. Here we beheld no signs of poverty or famine.

The present Governor, General Chow-Shi-Chen is doing much to improve the city of Kweiyang and is making every effort to keep the province from going to total destruction. One thing he has done during the past year, his second in office. It is worthy of mention—he has driven all the bandits out of the province. From Tungren to Kweiyang we had no military escort and yet

we did not meet a single bandit! This certainly cannot be said of Hunan.

One of the Governor's most renowned works is the building of a new modern thirty-foot road for pedestrians and vehicles. When completed, this road will connect Kweiyang with Hungkiang on the East and with Chung King on the North and with Yunnanfu on the West. Thus the capital city will have free access to the three main outlets to the seacoast and commerce will find comparatively an easy way into one of the wildest and most barren sections of China. I saw about four miles of

this new road which was already completed. While I was there work was being pushed along daily. It is a credit to the Governor and his name will go down in history even though he does nothing more than complete this road. The small rivers, sources of the several rivers which honeycomb the province of Hunan, are of no service to the province of Kweichow.

Christianity has been established in the province for several hundred years. Catholicity has taken solid root there. Although whole towns of Christians had been decimated in times of persecution and famine, yet in some



SOME MAYAN PASSENGERS IN ONE OF THE JUNKS IN THE MISSIONARIES' CONVOY.

THE † SIGN



FATHER CORMAC GIVES A LESSON IN MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL YARD

places there are large congregations of active and fervent Catholics. Kweiyang has a Christian population of over 2,000—more than we have in our whole Prefecture. The French Missionaries proudly boast of other cities in the Northern and Western parts of the province where there are congregations even larger than in Kweiyang. There are two large churches in Kweiyang—a petit séminaire and a grande séminaire, with a parish church connected with these institutions just two miles out from the city. In another direction, about three miles away, there is a large institution for middle school seminarians. This is built in a valley encircled by eight high mountains all owned by the church. The Fathers have built a church on the peak of each of these mountains. Each church is a votive shrine. There are thirty-eight native priests and as many native Nuns. It seems that the Missionaries specialized in this line and they have certainly attained considerable success.

I learned very much from the zealous old French Fathers and, by observation, learned many helpful lessons from the old Chinese Christians. My visit to

the places of martyrdom and the shrine of the eighteen beautified Martyrs of Kweichow was a stimulous to my Faith, hope and zeal. I was loathe to leave the place where the Bishop keeps all the relics of some of these martyrs until the Bishop promised to give me a first class relic of each one. Their feast is celebrated on February 18th with that of Theophane Venard. I did not leave the shrine of the Martyrs without renewing my vow to spend the rest of my life with the Chinese and to give my life's blood, if necessary, for the salvation of my Christians.

The work of these Paris Missionaries has been and still is slow and tedious, but it is not in vain. Opium, of course, is the curse of the province and a great hindrance to the propagation of the Faith. Yet sad and irremediable, it remains the chief source of revenue. Every farmer plants opium: every family has its opium smokers. There are some families who are all opium fiends, not excluding mother, daughters and little boys. For this reason, the Fathers tell us, the number of conversions grows smaller each year.

The Governor of Kweichow has pledged himself to protect

foreigners of any nation who might flee to his domain for protection. He also proclaimed complete protection for Missionaries. We had several interviews with his honor, who, by the way is but thirty-two years old. He has a striking appearance with a brilliant mind although lacking education.

Two weeks after we landed at Kweiyang the Prefect gave orders for Fathers Cuthbert, Raphael, Theophane, Cuprian and myself to return to Hunan. I no sooner received the orders than I started immediately from Lao Whang Ping alone. I did not wait for the four others who were four days behind us. I took Brother Lambert's mule, hired a pagan horse-boy and a carrier and started back on June 19th. I reached Yuanchow June 26th. The other four traveled by way of Tungren the road used in fleeing into Kweichow. Taking advantage of a convoy going down river I left Hungkiang on July 2nd and reached Ta Kiang Kow the next day. Here the convoy was attacked by enemy soldiers who fired at us for over an hour and finally conquered the convoy's escort of two hundred Kweichow soldiers. The latter fled from the boats they had been sent to protect and probably made off over the hills to Hungkiang. About twenty were killed and the rest escaped. It was certainly a dangerous hour for us, who had to remain on the boats under a continuous rain of rifle fire and machine-gun bullets. Happily only two of our boatmen were killed. Our convoy is now held up here for inspection and it may be several days or a week before I reach Chenki or Shenchow.

I am content to stay here because there are ways and means of getting in touch with my Christians. This place I am in—

THE + SIGN

Ta Kiang Kow — is one of Father Flavian's out Missions. All his places are intact and are in care of Catechists who have remained faithful. The Catechist and his wife actually wept for joy when I arrived. They did not know whether they would ever see a priest again. They tell me that the Kweichow soldiers wiped out the Communists in all our Mission places. Five leaders were killed in this little town, one of them, sorry to relate, being a Christian.

All our Missions are still in the hands of the Catechists with the exception of Shenchow. They tell me that our place there has been completely looted but that the Kweichow troops, after scattering and conquering the Communists, closed up the Mission Property and proclaimed it under their protection. The place, in-so-far as I am informed, is safe and now awaits our return. I shall make haste to get there and gather once more my poor scattered flock. Ever since I left I have been corresponding with some of the Christians, thereby exhorting them to remain faithful and to continue their prayers. They know, now, that I am on my way "home." What a home-coming that will be!

Now, before closing I want to thank all those who helped us with their prayer and good works. Prayer alone will sustain us. Prayer alone will obtain that blessing from Almighty God which makes our poor efforts efficacious in saving souls.

My only worry now, as I see matters, will be finances. At present I have only \$75.00 with no prospect of further assistance for some time. However, the Lord is good. He will provide. The babies will not starve for Our Heavenly Father know-

eth their need.

I shall write again when I reach Shenchow. If I reach the shores of eternity before that, remember me in your prayers.

Hankow

FATHER ARTHUR BENSON, C. P.

July 15, 1927.

YESTERDAY I received a letter from a young Chinese man who is now in Shenchow. He was formerly secretary to our Rt. Rev. Prefect. The letter is interesting so I have translated it from the original Chinese and send you herewith a copy of it.

So far as I know the Rt. Rev. Prefect, the Sisters of St. Joseph and seven priests are now on their way to Hankow. No official news has been received either by Father Celestine in Shanghai or by me here in Hankow.

The first news I obtained about this was from a member of a steamship company here in Hankow. In a conversation with this gentleman he remarked in an off-hand way that there were some Americans trying to come out of the interior through

Chung King in Szechuan and that the Peking legation had sent a radio to Hankow ordering the American Consul to send a gunboat for them. As our brethren were, as I thought, trying to get out via Indo-China, his remark did not strike me as referring to our Missionaries.

The next day I received a letter from Father Ernest who was then in Kieniang. This was the first news I had received from the interior for months. Father Ernest informed me that the Rt. Rev. Prefect and the party would have a long trip to Hankow or Shanghai whether they went by way of Indo-China or Ching King. This was the first intimation I had that Chung King was even considered.

I called on the Consul General here in Hankow. He had received news of some Americans that were due in Chung King on July 5th, but he had no idea of just who they were. He told me that he had telegraphed orders to the French and Japanese authorities at Chung King to care for the party when they arrived. To date we have received



SOME OF OUR YOUNGER MISSIONARIES WITH PROF. ZACHARIAS T'SEN.
THE SISTERS' GATE-TENDER IS TO THE RIGHT

THE † SIGN

no further assurance of their arrival at Chung King.

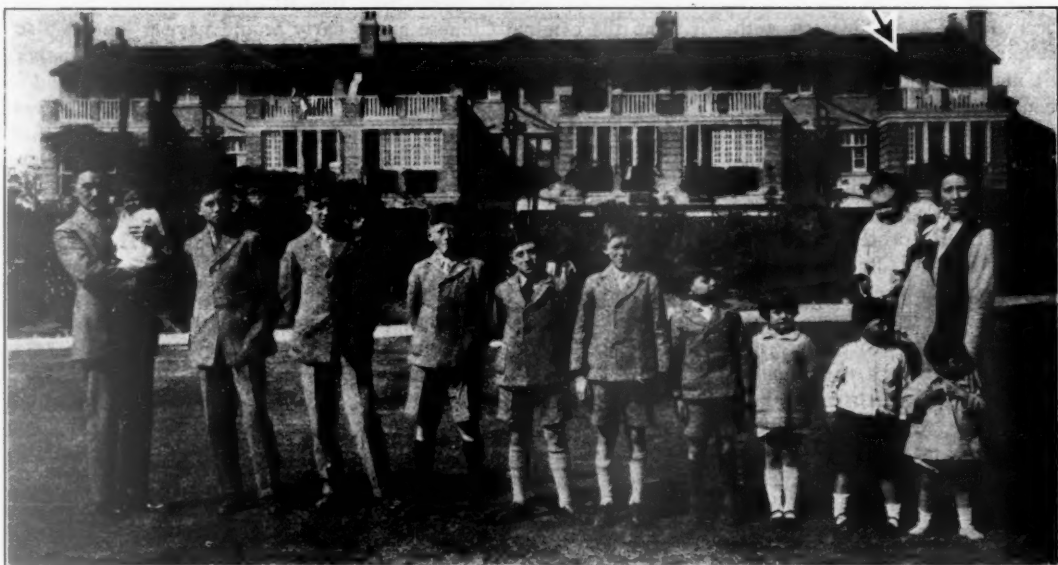
However, I judged from letters received from Fathers Timothy and Ernest that the party had really set out for Chung King. Finally a letter arrived from the Rt. Rev. Prefect stating that he and his party would leave Kweiyang in Kweichow for Ching King in Szechuan on June 19th. From this I would think that they could not possibly reach Ching King be-

None of the Augustinian Fathers have as yet ventured to return to Hunan. Many of their Missions are occupied by troops and not a few have been wrecked by mobs. No man can tell ten days ahead what will happen to change the situation.

The journey from Chung King to Hankow is about 1,000 miles down the big Yangtse River. Our Brethren could come down on a foreign vessel since our gunboats cannot get

to you. Are you as strong as ever? What is the condition at Hankow? Is it peaceful?

At present the disturbing Communist party in West Hunan has been suppressed. The Mission, by the grace of God, is peaceful. Troops under the command of a Kweichow General are now stationed in West Hunan. The revolution is along the lines of the three principles and the Mission is not to be overthrown. It is to be protected



MR. AND MRS. BELL WITH THEIR CHILDREN. MR. BELL IS PROMINENT IN SHANGHAI AND A GREAT FRIEND OF OUR MISSIONS. THE ARROW POINTS TO THE HOME OF OUR SISTERS OF CHARITY

fore July 20th as the country has little or no means of transportation.

Fathers Celestine and the others in Shanghai are well. Also the Sisters of Charity with them in Shanghai are all well. Father Flavian is here with me in Hankow. For the present we are enjoying peace and quiet. There are still twenty-four men-of-war anchored in the harbor. America, Britain, France, Italy and Japan continue to station cruisers and gunboats here.

up that far owing to the rapidity of the currents, and the rocky river bed. Let us continue to hope for the best and to pray hard all will end well.

(Translation of letter received by Father Arthur from the former secretary of Msgr. Dominic, C. P.)

DEAR FATHER ARTHUR:

Since our departure it has been a half a year. I feel ashamed for not having written

as usual. Unfortunately there is no priest here. I am praying every day that God will allow you to return to Hunan at an early date to take charge of Mission affairs.

Recently a junk laden with over 180 boxes arrived at Shenchow. All the boxes were seized by the disturbing Communist party. At present they are held in Butterfield and Swire's. I and Ou Peng-to and Mary Shen petitioned the military commander Yang now stationed here and

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also the Magistrate. Then I went with Captain Yang and the Magistrate to Butterfield and Swire to inspect the boxes. It was found that scores had been taken by the Communist party, leaving, however, over a hundred there. I and Captain Yang and the Magistrate have sealed the packages up and when you return to Hunan you may take them back.

All the articles in the church at Shenchow have been looted by the Communist party. Even the glass and tiles have been removed from the building.

With greetings,

JOSEPH.

July 30, 1927.

Shanghai

FR. CELESTINE RODDAN, C. P.

BY THE time this reaches you the sad news of Sister Clarissa's untimely death will be an old story. I cabled yesterday to Mother Bonaventure and, no doubt, it will prove a shock. I pray God to sustain her and all the dear relatives and friends of our deceased Sister. She was a most cheerful companion and I know that her death will be a hard trial for the two Sisters who remain. Undoubtedly the constant traveling under the heat of a tropical sun, the unwholesome food which was the only kind procurable on her journey, etc., undermined Sister's health. When malaria fixed its fangs

upon her system it found an easy victim. May her soul rest in peace.

The Sisters of Charity continue to dwell here in Shanghai. They are busy perfecting themselves in the Mandarin language so that it can be truly said no time has been lost. They will be all the better equipped for the Mission work when the good Lord sees fit to make their return to Hunan possible.

The Sisters are dwelling in the house of a very kind benefactor. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bell know practically every Catholic Missionary coming to Shanghai. All the Missionaries speak highly of their hospitality. They are our very best friends over here. They are converts tried and true and all in all are most wonderful people. Some day I hope to tell you more about all they have done for us.

It would do your heart good to visit their home and meet the whole family — eleven living children—and all happy. I am sending you a picture showing the entire family. Incidentally you can form some idea of the house in which our Sisters of Charity are now staying.

Gemma's League

AN ASSOCIATION OF PRAYERS

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to the souls of others and to merit blessings for ourselves.

THE METHOD: The offering of our prayers and good works for the spread of Christ's kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: Many charitably disposed persons interested in the salvation of the souls of others.

OBLIGATION: No financial dues. Payments are made in the currency of Heaven. Prayers and good works are bartered for souls. Return monthly leaflet.

THE REWARD: God's blessings on ourselves and others. The reward of an Apostle who performs the spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca. Born in 1878 and died in 1903. Her saintly life was characterized by a singular devotion to Christ's Passion. She had a burning zeal for the salvation of all for whom Christ suffered and died. Her cause has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets and all correspondence concerning the League, should be addressed to the Rev. Director, The Gemma League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Masses Said	8
Masses Heard	15,988
Holy Communion	10,471
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	36,489
Spiritual Communion	111,135
Benediction Services	4,007
Sacrifices, Sufferings	37,897
Stations of the Cross	12,772
Visits to the Crucifix	43,016
Beads of the Five Wounds	306,324
Offerings of Papal Blood	447,933
Visits to Our Lady	13,556
Rosaries	26,096
Beads of the Seven Dolors	4,580
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,531,020
Hours of Study, Reading	13,384
Hours of Labor	45,792
Acts of Kindness, Charity	21,550
Acts of Zeal	286,248
Prayers, Devotions	495,668
Hours of Silence	19,903
Hymns	12,000
Various Works	200,488
Holy Hours	74
Hours of Divine Office	6,258

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

SISTER MARY ANA-
STASIA CROZIER
MOTHER MARY ROSE
WILLIAM QUINN

MRS. MARY HEALEY
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"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (Hsa. 13/15.)

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